TWOPENCE.
Vol LIV.
1420.

NAMBY-PAMBY MEN (SEE PAGE 7)

JOHN BULL

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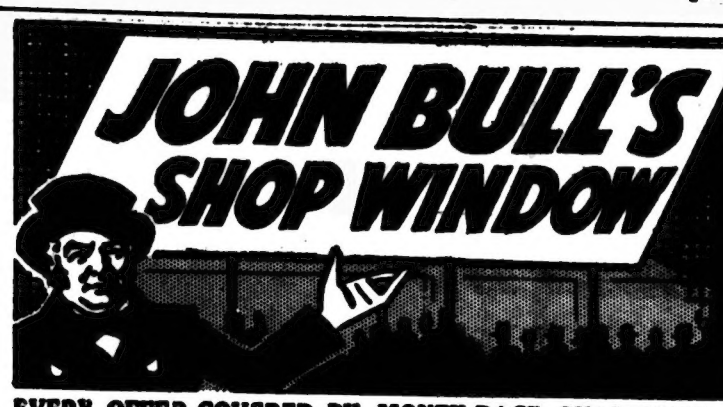

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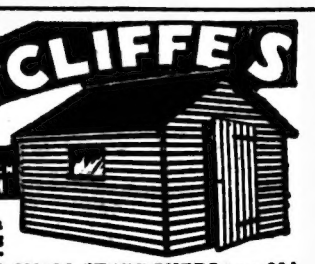

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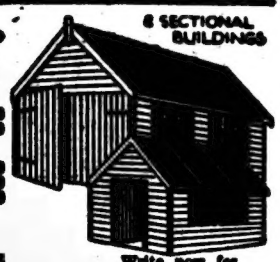

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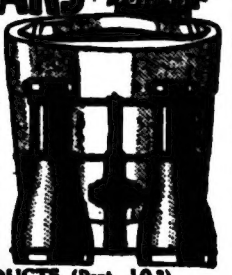

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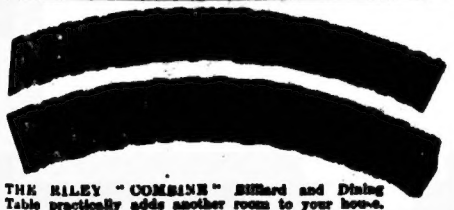

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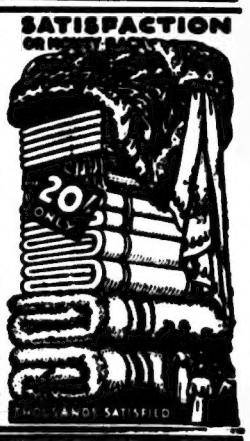

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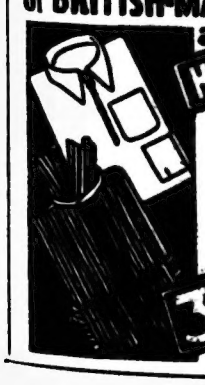

Khaki, with zipp fastener.

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"Thanks to Black Cat I got this Sports-Wear FREE!"

SINGLE-BREASTED SPORTS JACKET

A 'Cambridge Quality' Production.

Button three, D.B. lapels. Outside breast pocket. Seam back, no vent. In the latest Harris tweed effects: Plain BROWN, Heavy overcheck BROWN, Light overcheck BROWN, Heavy overcheck GREY.

Chest measurements: 32", 34", 35", 36", 37", 38", 39", 40", 42".
(Chest measurements must be taken OVER waistcoat and not over jacket). Please state size and shade required.

FREE for smoking only **120** packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = **600** coupons

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28 ins.	—	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
29 ins.	—	28"	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
30 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
31 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	40"	42"
32 ins.	—	—	30"	32"	34"	36"	38"	—	—

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FREE for smoking only **40** packets of Black Cat Red Band 20's = **200** coupons

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OUR DAILY Massacre

ROAD DEATH-TRAPS MUST GO

THERE is a town on one of the main highways to the north of London whose inhabitants would be glad to leave it. To live in it must be like living in a war area. Through its main street, day and night, thunders an endless line of traffic of every description, from motor-cycles to laden traction engines. In some parts of the street the footpaths are so narrow that lorries almost brush the house and shop fronts.

In the case of some of the smaller houses, towering loads reach higher than the bedroom window-sills and the occupants go to bed at night in constant dread of merchandise bound for Glasgow or London ending up inside their bedrooms.

Hardly a week passes without a casualty of some kind, to a human being or a structure.

Quite recently four house fronts were damaged by direct hits from lorries and the parapets of two bridges demolished. In the same area an ambulance carrying injured to hospital was ditched and badly damaged. In a skidding accident, a woman was killed and about forty people injured.

For years the inhabitants have been petitioning for a by-pass which could be cut round the town, through land available, at barely the cost of laying it.

Three years ago their plea was on the point of success. Then came the economy axe on roads, and they have had to grin and bear it.

MEANWHILE, thousands of other people are also being asked to grin and bear it: motorists and pedestrians, whose lives are being placed in daily jeopardy by the shocking road conditions which apply in many parts of the country; the relatives of people who have been killed and injured through those conditions; the hospital authorities who have to bear the cost of treating the casualties.

Roughly twenty-five per cent. of the accidents which have occurred during the five years for which statistics are available (outside the London traffic area) have been caused by the condition of the road—in figures, about four out of every eighteen people killed daily.

Even a Departmental brain ought to be able to see that these four lives, at any rate, could be saved.

Yet in all the debate and the official "concern" which has followed each successive publication of the rising tide of accident figures, we have seen no mention of road improvements as an immediate question to be tackled.

The utmost that has been done apparently is to include "road and weather" among the fifty questions which Chief Constables now have to answer on every accident in their area. The results of this famous six months' questionnaire, which includes such points as "age and sex of driver," are now being tabulated and examined by Home Office and Ministry of Transport experts.

It is rumoured already that the two Departments have failed to agree on the course to be adopted on what the figures have so far revealed.

Meanwhile, insurance experts are gravely fearing that fatal and non-fatal accidents this year may reach 250,000.

It is addle-pated economy which is responsible for the present state of affairs, and which is killing four people a day.

Narrow streets and death-trap corners have turned the charabanc into a modern Juggernaut

Here are a few instances from hundreds all over the country.

ON the Bicester-Middleton-Stoney road there is a particularly dangerous stretch which cambers at a sharp angle. It is a fruitful cause of accidents and has been reported to the local council, who can do nothing because of lack of funds.

There is a narrow "death trap" stretch at King Harry Lane, St. Albans. It has been reported constantly, but the Herts County Council will only decide on altering it when finances improve.

At Watling Street, near Rugby, there is a terrible bend which could be improved by super-elevation or banking the sides. The Warwickshire County Council does not propose to do it for the moment.

On the Deddington-Aynho road there is a culvert, a notorious spot to drivers who have had the steering-wheel wrenched out of their hands when crossing over it. Again, nothing can be done for lack of money.

In every case reported to them county surveyors are willing and anxious to bring about improvements. With a 60 per cent. grant they would do them, but they do not see why they should burden their own ratepayers with the entire cost of work to roads largely used by other people.

There is a £60,000,000 fund provided by motorists for the maintenance and improvement of roads.

The Government has seen fit to "raid" this Road Fund and use it for every conceivable purpose except the one for which it was intended. At the same time, it has cut by millions of pounds the money ordinarily granted to local authorities for their own internal road improvements.

Here is the way to reduce the colossal accident figures and make the roads safer for all. *Chart the danger spots and set to work to remove them as far as is humanly and financially possible.*

Thirty per cent. of the quarrying industry is unemployed because of lack of demand for road material. They would be put back to work with many thousands more of the unemployed. Some of the £300,000 annually which voluntary hospitals must find for road casualties would be saved.

In the final issue, life and limb have a hard cash value to the nation. The loss in death and injury due to road accidents runs into many millions of pounds annually.

Put hardly, unsentimentally, here is a chance for the Government to make a profit. Divert some of the raided millions of the Road Fund to their rightful purpose and take thousands of men off the "dole." And save four lives a day.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Revolting Films the Censor Never Sees

A Crowd of Strange Women

Ruined by a Good Deed

IN kinemas all over the country last week thousands of people were numbed with horror and amazement. Women and children gasped at the scene before their eyes; many must have suffered nightmares as a result.

They were watching one of the most revolting films ever shown—an American news reel that portrayed an actual murder to the accompaniment of the frenzied shouts of the victim and his assassins

They were forced to endure that horror because of an extraordinary loophole in the film censorship.

Ghastly details

Picture the spectacle. The Havana revolution is at its height; a howling mob is attacking the Dominican Consulate.

The Consul barricades himself on the balustrade. You see his terrified expression as two firemen prop a ladder against the wall and climb up to him.

But there is no need to describe all the ghastly details. We will merely add that the two murderers hack him with knives and that you later see his mutilated body lying on the ground.

What a spectacle for film-goers—women and children especially! And there have been others nearly as gruesome.

The loophole

How is it possible for such an appalling spectacle to be shown?

The astonishing reason is that films of real-life happenings are not submitted for the Censor's consideration.

Though the Censor can order that children shall not witness a whole host of films which, though dealing with delicate subjects, depict make-believe happenings, he has no power to keep them away from kinemas which are showing an actual murder or some other real abomination.

It must stop!

We say emphatically that this scandalous situation must be ended.

We must keep murder, suicide and the like out of our kinemas. It is not enough for the censors to say, as they did last week, that news reels may be submitted to them as an act of courtesy.

We say that it should be made compulsory for all films to be submitted to them. We are not lovers of censorship, but if we are to have one let it function properly.

The Army's all wrong

We are hardly surprised that many of the public school boys who have passed through the Officers' Training Corps are hopelessly inefficient, according to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff

We have long thought that the Army should devise another method of finding its officers

We should like to see more of the smarter N.C.O.s sent to training colleges.

No defence

From the Army, let us pass to the Air Force, which is planning to build a hundred new aeroplanes to add to the defence squadrons stationed round London, should the Disarmament Conference fail.

"Defence" is really the wrong word, for even with these new machines it would be impossible to stop attacking bombers from desolating the metropolis.

Racing to war?

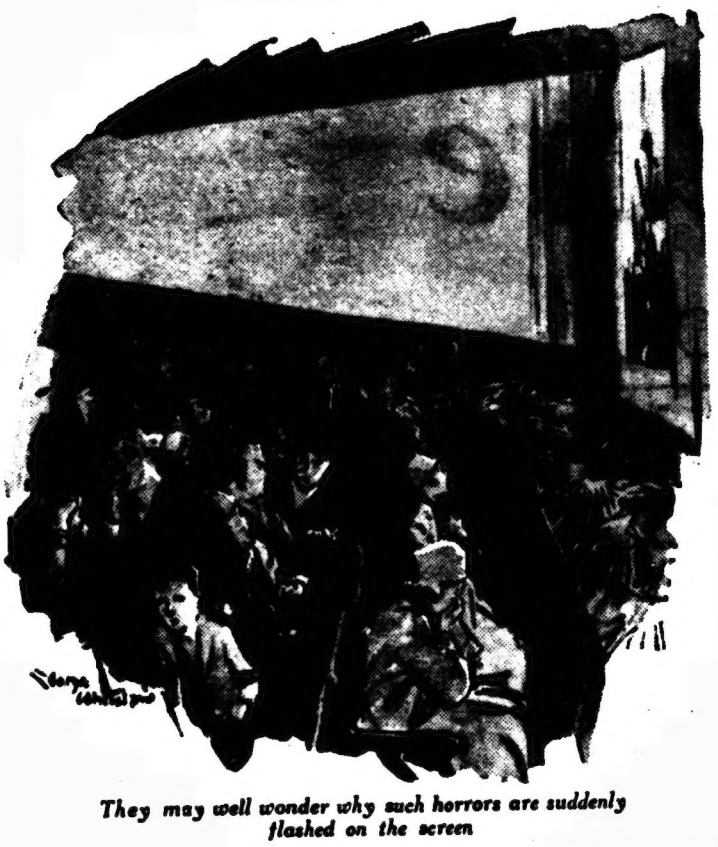
And the Admiralty is building more warships.

Meanwhile, the U.S.A., France, Italy and Japan are also building warships as fast as they can, which looks very much like a return to the armament race of 1914.

Yet the Disarmament Conference might be saved if Britain would consent to all air oombing being outlawed. Will our Government wait until it is too late?

Inviting disaster

Then at home there is the bitter "tithe war," which also is to go on because of the Government's do-nothing policy.



They may well wonder why such horrors are suddenly flashed on the screen

Indeed, the Church authorities have been told privately that the tithe system is to stay, and the amending Bills that M.P.s will introduce when Parliament re-assembles will be scrapped by order of the Government.

So the bailiffs will continue to sell up farmers, parsons be exposed to public hostility, and the Church brought nearer to disestablishment. What a silly business!

Good for trade!

We could think of a harsher description to apply to another Church "racket" brought to our notice.

It seems that young men who wish to be married at a fashionable London church are told that the flowers, dresses and other requisites must be obtained from certain shops.

Does the Bishop of London know?

Strictly business

A London domestic servant started to pay National Health Insurance when she was sixteen. But five years later she fell out of work and her payments lapsed for six months.

She has continued payments, however, for the last two years. Now she is ill and has applied for benefit.

But she cannot get it because of those few lapsed payments! It may be according to the regulations, but we prefer to describe it as sharp business.

A prude's outing

British women have a reputation for knowing how to behave themselves. But there have been a crop of exceptions lately.

One was the Eastbourne woman who saw a girl on the parade wearing beach pyjamas and shouted, "Why don't you go home and get dressed, you brazen hussy?"

We think she was the more brazen of the two.

Silly women

Then came two really disgraceful exhibitions. One was given by a crowd of excited women who, at the funeral of the girl killed by machine-gun bullets, stormed the cemetery and trampled on the graves

Another crowd of women congregated at the christening of a Chinese baby at Bristol. Those inside the church stood on the pews to catch a glimpse of the child, others pressed forward so eagerly that the officiating bishop couldn't reach the font.

We dislike prudes, but we prefer them to hysterical Nosey Parkers.

Crazy

And a different kind of feminine hysteria is sweeping Surrey following a maniac's attacks on young women and children.

Some women are telephoning the police on the slightest pretext, and false alarms are common about new "outrages." The sooner those women become typical Britons the better for everyone.

Nothing else to do?

Let us talk next, not of Surrey women, but of Surrey policemen. Not all of them have been hunting for the maniac.

Those in Epsom apparently had something else to do. They found five men and youths playing cards early one morning by the light of a camp fire. They were waiting for the dawn to fish, but they ended up in the police court for gambling.

And they had to pay 4s. each.

Ruin for a good deed

But that silly business is nothing to the Wallsend magistrates' treatment of a kindly motorist who gave some children a lift.

For thus offending against the motoring laws, he was fined £1 and his driving licence suspended for a year. This suspension means that he will lose the business he has built up.

The same Bench once suspended a man's licence for towing a broken-down car, so we're not surprised at any of its decisions.

But we've nothing but shame for its latest one.

Easy going

On the other hand, a Bristol motorist who knocked down and seriously injured a man has been fined £1.

At Gloucester a driver was charged with careless driving, failing to stop after an accident and failing to report it. He had been previously convicted for dangerous driving, yet the Bench just fined him a total of £7 and made no order-about his licence.

We daren't say what we think about those penalties.

Exit his lordship

The Bishop of Bristol is a man after our own heart.

He does not want to be addressed as "My Lord," for he realises that the days are past when bishops lived in dignified ease apart from the clergy. "Thank God," he says emphatically, "things are different now."

We wish every other prelate would follow his example.

The last stage

We welcome another dramatic step in the great fight that has been waged for years to bring the world's most notorious financier, Jacob Factor, to the Old Bailey dock.

Some weeks ago we gave exclusive details of how Factor has wriggled out of every legal trap set for him.

Now the British Government has decided to risk everything at the final stage of the case, which will take place next October in the United States Supreme Court.

Clever move

The fight must, at all costs, end in a victory for Britain. And we are glad the Government has briefed one of America's highest-paid lawyers, Mr. William D. Mitchell, to watch its interests.

That is an astute move. For Mr. Mitchell was the Attorney-General in the last American Government and dealt with both sides of this costly and intricate case.

Strange arithmetic

Contempt of court is punishable, but not when justices bring their own court into contempt. Otherwise, we imagine, the Colchester magistrates might have a bad time.

They had before them a man summoned under a maintenance order. He pleaded he was only getting 10s. a week transitional benefit and couldn't claim for his wife and children.

So the Bench ordered him to be jailed for six weeks unless he pays 10s. 6d. a week out of the 10s.

Is it true?

Then, from Barry, comes a story of two men caught with five live rabbits, one of which had an ear torn off and another a leg broken.

A gamekeeper said the rabbits were used for the training of racing greyhounds.

That is an allegation that should be investigated at once. If it is true, a few more men should appear in the dock.

Football revenge

Let us all wish good luck to the Players' Union in its efforts to end a dirty football practice.

Many players are victimised by clubs which have no further use for their services, but which place heavy transfer fees on their heads so that they cannot be signed on by any other League club unless those fees are paid.

Overhaul wanted

Another football evil, though one of which no ill-will or anything of the sort enters, is illustrated by the predicament of Thomas Mackey.

Luton Town paid £700 last season for his transfer from Sheffield Wednesday. A London club has offered a big fee for his transfer, but Mackey signed on again for Luton Town. Now he wants to join the police, but the club will not release him.

The club's attitude is not difficult to understand, but it provides further argument for drastic football reforms.

The limit

We've heard a good many stories about the depth of meanness, but here is a new one. And it's true.

A Cardiff man became engaged to be married. But he didn't buy a ring—he just stole one from his landlady!

For which he appeared in court the day before his marriage. He was merely bound over, but perhaps his bride will give him his true deserts.

Humanity wins

Our prison system is slowly becoming more humane, if we can judge by the episode in which an imprisoned woman was allowed to visit her little boy, who was lying ill in a Portsmouth hospital.

The Home Secretary readily gave his permission for her to be taken from Holloway Prison, London, to the hospital, and doctors declare that her visit saved the child's life.

We have often criticised the Home Secretary, but here is ample reason to thank him.

Namby-Pamby Men

by Marjorie BOWEN

the famous novelist

"I have kept an unobtrusive watch on the effects of school life on the very different characters of my sons . . ."

IT is not, perhaps, generally realised that in this country a large number of boys—other than infants—up to eleven years (I believe about 100,000 of them), are being taught by women, and that, in addition, numerous classes of boys are held by female teachers.

In supporting those who hold that this is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs, I would not for a moment give the impression that I consider women cannot undertake this important task because of their intrinsic inferiority to men.

It is difficult to approach such a question without being attacked on the ground of belittlement of women. It is, however, more a question of women being "too good" instead of "not good enough" that is the basis of one's argument, and not the least reflection could be, of course, intended on the capacity of women to instruct.

It has been proved that a talent for imparting knowledge and the necessary enthusiasm and patience is as often a female as a male gift.

Education means, however, so much more than giving instruction; one absurd definition of it contains a grain of truth: "Education is what is left over when we have forgotten all we've been taught."

On asking a small schoolboy if women should teach in boys' schools the answer was: "No, they have different ideas."

There is the matter in a nutshell. No one would put the whole of a girl's education into a man's hands, however excellent might be his methods, and for precisely the same reason no boy's education should be put into a woman's hands. The average normal boy begins, with his first realisation of his personality, to resent the feminine domination of nurse or mother. His greatest passion is to assert himself and escape the women, whom often he at first despises instinctively for lack of what he most admires—physical strength, an adventurous spirit, fearlessness, technical skill in machinery, and so on.

Some men have had their whole attitude towards sex ruined by too much nursery feminine domination.

Young children cannot understand that for their own health and safety some restrictions are necessary, and it is unfortunate that these have to come always from women, so that they associate them with disagreeable restraints and denials.

Too much mother

ON the other hand, I do not think it always true that "nice" boys despise women and girls. Manly and independent boys will often, when quite young, develop an idealistic chivalry and a desire for feminine company that, if properly handled, is very useful in their spiritual growth. If the boy, however, is placed in the relation of pupil and teacher with a woman either his resentment at feminine "tyranny" is trebled or his growing chivalry will be dulled.

A boy may easily see too much of his own mother; it is wise to keep the relationship, as well as the boy's attitude towards the whole sex, free of irritation, friction, dispute, and the familiarity that breeds contempt.

Sometimes a strong mental or temperamental affinity will overrule all difficulties, but it is more likely that the mother will observe the boy becoming such a different creature from herself that there is little for her to do save to stand aside. An attempt on her part to force him into shape according to her feminine ideas is likely to result in that terrible injury known as "finger-marking the soul."

In the age of chivalry, indeed in all ages when masculinity has been highly prized, boys left the charge of women altogether at the age of seven. Their teachers, even at an earlier age than this, were always men.

It has been quite plausibly argued that the teaching of school mistresses will teach the boy good manners, restraint, courtesy. But, unfortunately, at school age he is incapable of learning these; it is only when he becomes a youth and desires to please that a woman's influence will affect his ideals and behaviour.

Refinement and courteous self-control simply do not exist for a schoolboy. He will have, very likely, native good humour and innate good feeling, but it is a case of "boys will be boys" where roughness, rudeness, and coarseness are concerned. And the unemotional discipline required to keep them in check can only be successfully administered by a male teacher.

Every mother must have noticed when her boys go to school even to a day school, that they have entered a world to which she is a stranger. She will see, however, that the normal boy is happier because he is more fulfilled than he was at home, and that it is her business not to pry or question, not to force confidences, but to—let go.

"Effeminated" boys

IF, however, the boy goes under a woman teacher he is only prolonging the home life, a state of feminine tutelage against which he instinctively revolts. It is remarkable how even very small boys, with whom, of course, the subject has never been discussed, will refuse to learn from women, preferring to forfeit some prized accomplishment, such as riding, or drill, or "gym."

All this natural distaste and instinctive opposition can be, and often is, broken down, and therein lies the trouble, even the menace.

It is so pathetically easy to distort and mark a child's mind, and after the age of ten years or so the character is formed, the most indelible impressions are made. By the time the boy reaches the man teacher's hands he is literally "effeminated" through female domination (however tactful and skilful) and through absorbing the female point of view.

He has also learned to associate women with all that is wearisome and arid; he is used to seeing them in the most unbecoming of backgrounds. Even little boys like a pretty, feminine woman; the teacher may be one, but the boy feels she is in "the wrong place."

The most ardent feminist will not, one supposes, wish the two sexes to be moulded into one composite sex, but this is the tendency of the co-education and the teaching of boys by women.

The differences between men and women are to be made as slight as possible, and the feminine mind is to dominate through influencing the youth of the opposite sex.

No nation has yet achieved or maintained greatness on these lines; in the masculinity of a people lies its strength, in the sharp division between the qualities and attributes of the sexes lies most of the beauty, romance and nobility of life.

Individuals who tend towards the neuter are useless save for routine work and an abomination to the normal human being, and boys educated by women tend to become neuter in character.

Let the boy leave the feminine world alone until he is so firmly established in his own that the other cannot affect him; and let him absorb in all his lessons, games, and sports a masculine atmosphere. This will not make him think the less but the more of women.

It can hardly be disputed that the essentially masculine qualities are those which should dominate in a great and prosperous people, in their government, in their art, in their thought, and that these qualities cannot be achieved by women who, in striving after them, lose their own equally valuable characteristics.

It is, then, difficult to see what can be said in favour of women teachers for boys, save the unworthy consideration, not flattering to women, that they may be cheaper.

My sons taught me—

I HAVE had sons at different schools for a number of years, and I have kept an unobtrusive and patient watch on the effects of the school life on the very different characters of the boys.

I have always noticed that the success of the masters has always been most marked on those points where I, even with my intense personal interest, should have been most inadequate, and that the boys are most satisfied with masters whose outlook is farthest from the feminine viewpoint.

This is not to say in the least that the boys are taught to under-rate women in any way.

Indeed, I think the resentment of female authority dies away as the boy grows older and more sure of himself.

It is the young child who detests it and who suffers from it, and that makes it all the more a real danger that he should be exposed to the wrong influence at the wrong time.

A normal woman is instinctively attracted towards the most virile men—the creatures most unlike herself. When her turn comes to have a say in the making of a man she should remember this, and do her utmost to put him where he belongs, under masculine influence.

And by virility one does not mean brutality, grossness, or anything but a different kind of strength, a different kind of gentleness, a different kind of courage from that possessed by women.

Boys and Girls Come

IN the comparatively short space of eight years a revolution has taken place in our midst—a revolution that has given the children of Britain a Magna Charta of their very own.

It has admitted the right of every child born to a piece of grass upon which he or she can play our national games in the proper way, under proper supervision. And it has so far succeeded in its aim that sports facilities for more than 1,000,000 youngsters have already been established.

Think of it. A million children no longer compelled to play on the cobbles of alleys and the pavements of side-streets or in motor-traversed roadways.

Eight square miles of fully equipped playing fields now belong to them, bought at a cost of £2,250,000.

No longer any need, so far as that million are concerned, to swipe at a ball made of paper and be "out" against the lamp-post No more need to tell Bill Scrivens that he is "in" when he has obviously been bowled, just because he is the owner of the bat and might, by removing his patronage, make cricket impossible in the district for ever.

Nation of spectators

A proper pitch, and all the equipment necessary for the playing of all our national games, has become their birthright And the movement that has conferred it on them is going on until this will be true of every child throughout the kingdom.

It was in 1925, when there was a danger that Britain would cease to be a nation of sportsmen and become a nation of spectators instead, that the National Playing Fields Association was born and the revolution begun.

So great was the shortage of playing fields for children at that time that 700 out of every thousand babies born were condemned to grow up without ever playing a single national open-air game —and that in a country that had taught the whole world the advantages of sport.

What made matters worse, the fast growth of housing schemes, in which no provision was made for sports amenities, was fast reducing the acreage of suitable ground available to each thousand of the population.

It was at this time, fortunately, that the Playing Fields Association was born. It was just as fortunate, too, that the Prince of Wales should undertake a tour of industrial Britain at about the same time.

He came back to London furious at what he had seen. He wrote to the young Association telling it of the thousands of youngsters he had seen playing in hot, dusty streets because there was no green grass on which they could kick or hit a ball. "A sad fact—a deplorable fact," he wrote, enclosing a subscription, and pledging himself to give every help that lay in his power.

Sharing the boots

He told the King. "It can't fail to have injurious effects on the life of the nation," wrote His Majesty, offering his first contribution to the work.

And then the Prince went out to make his own enquiries.

He heard of General Kentish's experience in a northern village; of two boys, brothers, who played outside right and outside left for their street team.

The general noticed that one boy wore a left boot only, and the other lad a right boot. And questioning yielded the fact that this was all they had, and they had to take the positions in the team that would suit their limited wardrobe.

He heard of Bermondsey—the 13,200 acres of ground available for sport within a radius of 10 miles shrinking at the rate of 1,700 acres a year.

He was told of big towns without a sports ground of any kind—of Gateshead, with a population of 136,000 and not a single public football or cricket pitch.

Canon Irwin, moved by the injustice of it as far as Gateshead's growing population was concerned, had tried to remedy that He rented enough for three cricket pitches out of his own pocket, and spent between £300 and £400 in putting it in order. Then he received notice to terminate the agreement, and the little boys of Gateshead were left without a hope of the game that makes the man.

The Prince heard, too, that it was not merely a matter of the plight of the little town boy. The little country boy whose house was surrounded by green fields was in just as bad a situation.

Norfolk, for instance The whole Royal Family is naturally very interested in Norfolk.

He learnt that of 732 parishes in the county only fifty—one in fifteen —had a yard of playing field on which games could be enjoyed.

You mustn't play!

Commons, yes, but with grazing rights so that no fences could be built and no ball bowled. Fields, yes, but all in the occupation of somebody or other.

There was land, land, everywhere, and not a bit for play.

It was the same even in Shropshire, the second most thinly populated county in the kingdom. How can local authorities equip sports grounds when the population is so small that a penny rate will only yield £50, and would only pay for the fences?

The fact had to be faced that there were four million children who could never play an organised game under proper conditions unless something was done. So the obvious remedy was to get that something done as soon as possible.

And the Prince then joined in the move to remedy it all.

The rest is happy history.

In the last six years, thanks to landowners who have given ground (or sold it cheaply) and to grants towards the cost by the National Playing Fields Association and the Carnegie Trustees, who placed £200,000 at the disposal of the new organisation in three years, more than a thousand playing fields, ranging in size up to fifty acres, have been finished and fully equipped.

In many places the basis of at least five acres of sports ground for each thousand of population —which has been made the Magna Charta of the children— has already been reached. Even disused burial grounds, their stones no longer decipherable, sunk to a depth of three feet, have been converted into playing fields.

And as a consequence magistrates and other public personages in hundreds have paid tribute to the scheme as something that will make a far better next generation of men and women, something that has already substantially reduced juvenile crime, and promises to create a sense of fair play in the next generation stronger than any other generation has ever known.

Glasgow, for instance. When the scheme was begun locally the "gang menace" was something the authorities could never entirely obliterate. Thousands of women walked abroad in fear of attack. Street fights burst on the city like sudden thunderstorms.

To-day Glasgow is—if not entirely free of these juvenile ruffians—at least freer than it has been in living memory. And playing in the 87 brand-new football teams competing in eight brand-new football leagues started locally as part of the scheme, are scores of boys who used to be ringleaders or very willing participants in the disorders, now tamed by healthy sport into chivalrous, courteous, law-abiding citizens.

Young disciplinarian

And it is not in big cities alone that the effects are seen. Take the case of Aston, in Hertfordshire.

There a playing field has been opened. And the village constable has been appointed the "play leader of the boys."

He is a disciplinarian. He doesn't merely *ask* for fair play, a sense of honour in sport and the sort of chivalry that is essential on the sports field. He *insists* on it—and, in addition, as a player himself, teaches it by example.

It is a long time now since he had any real need of a baton. Street chases by the man in blue are a

"Happy hearts and happy faces, Happy play in grassy spaces . . ."

NEW JOB TWIST

ONE of the meanest forms of trickery is being worked by a man who is finding victims in country areas.

Recently an unemployed man living at Penshurst, Kent, advertised for a post as head gardener.

Two days later he received a telegram supposedly from a Mr. Barker, of Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, whose secretary, it was said, would call on Saturday.

On that day a man, giving the name of Miller, called at the gardener's home at Penshurst, Kent, saying that he had come from "Colonel Barker." He described the gardener's duties, and stated that the wages would be £3 5s. a week.

He said good-bye, but came back a few minutes later saying that he had lost the last coach, and unfortunately he had only eight shillings upon him

Assured as he thought of a good job, the unemployed gardener agreed to lend the "secretary" 25s. for railway fares, which sum was to be repaid by cheque

The cheque, of course, never came.

Reference to Colonel Barker at Aylesbury showed that he did not know Miller, neither did he possess a secretary.

In other words, Miller had obtained 25s. by the meanest of tricks.

Out to Play!

—and they *can* now through the miracle of the Playing Fields

thing of the long-distant past. There may be trouble now and then, but never from the boys.

And, when Aston's boys that now are become Aston's men, that village is going to be permanently represented at the county assizes by a pair of white gloves.

One day that will be the most important aspect of the scheme—providing boys who have bad fathers or no fathers at all with "play leaders" of the type that all boys worship—the type of man all boys wish to emulate.

One-fifth of the nation's needs in the way of sports fields for children fully met in eight years—more provided, in fact, than in the fifty years that preceded! That is the record of the scheme to date. But it has not been accomplished without sacrifice.

The Association received a cheque for six pounds the other day. It had been subscribed by the boys of Ruzawi School, Marandellas, in Southern Rhodesia, to provide poor little white boys in the Mother Country with the means of losing pale and pinched faces. Uninvited, they had all given up their pocket money to make it up to the six pounds.

Then there are the girls of Howell's School, Denbigh. Their self-sacrifices in carrying out their determination to build a playing field for children on the doorstep of Denbigh's poorest district have been so great as to be touching.

It was little Elin Davis who started it. She told the school about the Prince's indignant condemnation of our national shortage of playing fields. Then she asked them if they couldn't raise £1 a head to help remedy it.

A pound a head. A lot for a schoolgirl, you'll admit. But they tried to do it—just to see.

They gave up all their little luxuries, even "tuck." They knitted, and sold what they made They sewed—for whatever payment was offered. They made cakes and sweets, and resisted all temptation to eat them themselves, even the tiniest bit. They washed hair, laundered silk stockings, darned, yes, and even

did odd jobs that entailed coarsened and cracked hands.

Six hundred pounds was what they wanted. They raised £815! They simply couldn't stop working once they started, and, what is more, they found they couldn't keep the teachers or the domestic staff, not even the newest joined "tweenie," out of a scheme like that.

Well, they bought their ground, just where they wanted it, just where the poorest children of Denbigh would want it most. And a magnificent stretch of level meadowland it was.

And they were just exercising their minds about putting it in shape for games—work you can hardly expect schoolgirls to do—when the local unemployed, moved by the thought that they had done all this for their poorer brothers and sisters, decided to take a hand.

"You try and cadge sports equipment," they said in as many words. "We'll do the rest."

So they drained it and planted it, ditched it and hedged it. They put down a sandpit for the tiny mites and a shelter for all who would use it. And they wouldn't take a penny for their work.

And to-day, with ecstatic children playing on it, it stands as a monument alike to the sacrifices of school-girls and unemployed and the Association that helped to make it possible by means of a grant.

The Merchant Taylors' School said they had twelve acres of land to spare. Cricket and football ground it was: and what quality!

"It is at least as good as the best wicket at Lord's," said Freeman, the former Essex county cricketer, looking in admiration at the wonderful smoothness of it.

"Very well," said the Merchant Taylors' School, "we give it to the children who have never had a ground of their own."

And those children have it to-day, and knock "sixers" all over it, and wish, sometimes, that county cricketers could know the joy of playing on such wonderful turf as theirs.

Coats off!

Perhaps you have never heard of Rhosllanerchrugog, five miles from Wrexham. Nevertheless, it has a population of 17,000, of whom 3,800 are miners—and far, far too many unemployed.

At Rhos, as it is more often known, there wasn't a recreation ground of any kind, for either child or adult, until recently. Not a yard of park or public space of any kind. And the child and the out-of-work man who had much time to fill and little to fill it with suffered alike.

Well, Rhos decided to alter all that, although it couldn't see where the money was coming from. They organised kinema shows and other entertainments. And then, when they had enough to buy a ground, with the help of the National Playing Fields Association and the Carnegie Trust, they began to look round.

They spotted Ponkey Banks, a piece of ground that was just as funny as its name. Two-thirds of it, in fact, was a colliery refuse tip. They made their offer and the ground was theirs.

There has never been such activity on a sports ground before. The local unemployed offered to do all the work required to convert it into an up-to-date sports centre, and 1,500 men were soon working on it.

Rhos, deciding to kill two birds with one stone, gave all the helpers a midday meal, a pair of boots, and tobacco. And to-day the job is almost finished.

Six tennis courts are already completed. The children's section is almost ready. Football and cricket fields are to follow. The levelling and enclosing has been done. Both children and unemployed, playing side by side, are determined to beat all other teams for miles round.

And if you don't hear more of Rhosllanerchrugog after that, the fault will not lie with the players.

Wem, in Shropshire, worked like a Trojan to raise £1,000 for a sports field, a sum which, you must remember, represents seven shillings per head of the population. Then it made the painful discovery that equipping it would cost the same amount.

It was there that the National Playing Fields Association came in. Wem's mind was set at rest on that point.

But upkeep was the next problem. That would cost the equivalent of a fivepenny rate, and fivepenny rates are things not to be too lightly undertaken.

The King's gift

The solution? There is a little bit of grazing to be had in odd corners. Visiting fairs favour the ground, and pay for the privilege of using it. And there is the annual flower show, and other such events. That left Wem just £20 to find every year, or 1½d. per head of the population.

Easy, but only because the National Playing Fields Association helped, of course.

The King himself has helped in more ways than one. He has given two Royal paddocks at Hampton Wick to the movement, and six thousand children are finding health and enjoyment on them to-day.

And so it goes on. Every week brings news of another ground being opened, of the children of yet another community getting opportunities their forefathers ought to have had, but lacked.

And governing bodies of all the leading sports—football, cricket, tennis, lacrosse, bowls, netball and others—send their contributions

It is bringing nearer the day when there will be sports facilities for everybody who wants them. After all, the Playing Fields Association is not asking the country to give its children sports fields. It is asking it to give them back the facilities for play that they have lost, which were filched from them by 4,719 Acts of Parliament between 1710 and 1869.

It wants a return of the opportunities existing in the days Robert Louis Stevenson wrote about—

> Happy hearts and happy faces,
> Happy play in grassy spaces.
> That was how, in ancient ages,
> Children grew to kings and sages.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to HENRY HALL

The B.B.C. Should be Proud of You

DEAR HENRY HALL,—Well, the British composers owe you something, anyway

You have faced violent criticism. The wise-cracking boosters of everything American fought you. The "hot jazz" fans said you were old-fashioned. You seem to have won.

When I saw you, the other night, you were taking off your make-up, which you had put on for the first time for years. For, at last, you had been appearing in public

For nearly eighteen months, on the wireless, you have been playing with your band, first at Savoy Hill and then in the new Broadcasting House, which your turn opened in a room much too small for you. I am told some of your band call it "the padded cell."

* * *

But, all the time, none of your hundreds of thousands of listeners had ever seen you. For 500 hours in a year, you had played, unseen by anybody except your orchestra. For 1,000 hours, you had rehearsed all those wireless programmes, in turn, unheard by anyone.

Then, when Radiolympia opened, and you appeared in the theatre, specially built for the Radio Exhibition, you were seen for the first time by your fans.

It attracted little attention in the newspapers. The news spread, because of the way people talked.

Now, all you did was to walk on the stage with your baton. Immediately, the 2,300 people in the audience cheered. They applauded all through your first number, and so loudly that, although the tune lasted for two minutes, scarcely a note of it was heard. Some women put their hats on their parasols and waved them in the air. You had become what is almost unknown in England—a Radio Star.

You had had no such surprise since the date, eighteen months before, when the B.B.C. chose you, then unknown to the great public, to follow Jack Payne, to build up a new orchestra of your own, and with a policy left for your decision.

I remember meeting you, just about then. You were a quiet, unobtrusive young man of thirty. You were then controlling fourteen bands in the provinces, responsible for the orchestras in four big hotels.

Scotland knew you, and the provinces. But, to London, yours was a new name.

You have convinced me that you have tried to be a friend to the British composer.

"No less than 49 per cent. of all the music I play is British," you boast.

Well, that is something to be able to say, in a time when so-called British song publishers have been kidded by their American brethren into buying, unheard, Tin Pan Alley's noises by the ton, when few British song writers stand a chance, when song-plugging has become a menace, and when dance-band conductors by the dozen have taken bribes for the boosting of tunes which, otherwise, would never have been heard.

* * *

"This 49 per cent. British," you boast, "represents more home-made music than that played by all the other dance bands put together."

Often 150 new songs a week, the work of British composers, reached you. I know what most of them were like, because some of the people send them to me.

Still, you were not discouraged. You found one or two good ones, here and there. And, instead of exploiting the band, you exploited the tune. You sought sweeter music.

"His band is insipid," said your critics. "It has no personality."

You preferred the music to the stunts. Once, when you engaged a boy oboe player, they laughed and said, "Hall is trying to become a showman."

But you soon dropped that. Meanwhile, 20,000 people wrote to you in a year, mere members of the public, and most of their letters were appreciative, kindly, some enthusiastic. Never, I am told, were more than a quarter of them critical. You went on your way, and but for you, the waltz might have died. You brought music back to the dance-hall. You almost saved the ballad.

"I never plug a song," you boasted. "I will never sacrifice my band for any monetary consideration, or any gift or bribe."

I, who know something of what goes on, can quite understand that you made enemies.

"I do not believe in fooling the public," you said "I shall go on giving them melody, not tomfoolery. They want tunes that they can go away and whistle."

* * *

I agree with you. I know that the most popular tune ever played, nowadays, in the music-halls is "Lily of Laguna." The reason is that it possesses a tune So it goes on year after year. The "hot jazz" stuff, while it may titillate a neurotic mood, lasts no longer than a shot of dope.

When I met you, the other night, you had just been playing "Sweethearts of Yesterday." Now, people who have any memory at all can start to whistle or hum, immediately they hear the titles, the songs you put together in that medley. They were tunes they had known for years.

"Oh, Marguerite, My Darling. How I Love You," was one. "Linger Longer, Lucy," "Kind, Kind and Gentle is She," "Come Into the Garden, Maud," were four others. "My Old Dutch," well, it brought tears in our eyes when we were young. It will see the century through.

"I am no Ellington," you say. "I do not understand his sort of orchestration. I am not an American. I am not a Negro. I am British, and I understand British music."

Some people do not consider that very adventurous. Some of them say, "It is unfashionable."

But your music goes into hundreds of thousands of small homes all over the land. It is not meant for the lounge lizards or the cocktail cuties. Really, there are very few of those people. We must not judge their number by their noise.

"Hall is going for a ride," some of them declared. Well, your music is still taking a quiet walk.

When, the other day, Sir John Reith visited Olympia, and heard your turn, and saw the enthusiasm, he remarked, "I am proud of Hall."

I think you deserved a bouquet, not a Reith!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. LORD IRWIN,
President, Board of Education

MY LORD,—Months ago I told you of a school which, condemned forty years before, was still occupied by children. Love Lane School, Denbigh, is its inappropriate name.

You did nothing. Now, however, the sanitary inspector has condemned it afresh. While the local education director, who describes it as a disgrace, has actually bought a site for a new school in the hope that you will forget the "economy" mania.

Surely you will act at last!

JOHN BULL.

Alderman J. W. TELFORD,
Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR SIR,—I share your pleasure in finding that most of the former slum dwellers now living in council houses are house-proud and garden-proud.

You have been astonished at the spotless housekeeping of women who used to live in drab and dirty surroundings. Two thousand of these people are competing for municipal prizes for the best-kept gardens.

Yes, give the "bottom dog" a chance and he'll take it! I wish more councils realised it. JOHN BULL.

STANLEY STEWART GOVER,
Dorothy Road, Clapham

GOVER,—You would rank pretty high in any list of mean rogues.

For when you went to see your sister-in-law, who was lying very ill, you stole her jewellery. She actually saw you take it, but was too weak to call out.

You pleaded guilty to the theft and the police revealed three convictions against you, so I hope no one will disagree with your sentence of four months' hard labour. JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK E. LLOYD,
Hart Street, Southport

LLOYD,—Count yourself lucky that you are not in prison.

Your two very young children became "cowed, frightened little animals" owing to the ill-treatment by yourself and a woman named Blundell. One was fully submerged in cold water to silence his screams. The younger was given a black eye, the elder terribly bruised.

The Bench was right in taking them out of your so-called care, but reason must have deserted it when it let you both off with fines. JOHN BULL.

Rev. HAROLD ANSON,
Oxted, Surrey

DEAR SIR,—You cannot understand why so many clergymen, who speak with charming voices to their fellow men, find it necessary to "bleat like sheep or howl like dogs when talking to God." Neither can I.

Many wireless preachers are among the bleaters. Well, I suggest that the B.B.C. should make gramophone records of their voices, and privately play them over to the speakers.

That would soon cure them.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. A MILLINGTON,
Kettering Revision Court

DEAR SIR,—A Burton man's name was struck off the voting register when he was seriously ill and not expected to live. Now he has applied for the return of his proper rights.

But you have refused on the grounds that he is "officially dead and must stay officially dead."

Even if this is legally right, it is just nonsense. And it's plain that someone acted illegally in erasing his name. Who was it? JOHN BULL.

The RURAL COUNCILLORS,
West Lancashire

LAZY ONES,—How many more public rebukes will you need before you sweep away the disgusting mortuaries under your control?

Dr. Cooke has described one at Aintree as "a pathologist's hell," so dangerous that it ought to be reported to the Ministry of Health.

And Mr. Brighouse, the coroner, has returned to the charge by describing another where a body was laid beside timber and potatoes and where rats could get in.

If you cannot supply what a civilised community expects you should make way for men who can. JOHN BULL.

Miss ALICE SMITH,
Sheffield

DEAR ALICE,—You may have thought it romantic, but most people would think it extremely silly to start for America with 2s. and a bag of buns.

Stowing away in the *Laconia* with a Mrs. Sullivan, you were discovered at Queenstown, and there the police recognised your friend as a wanted person and arrested her.

You were more lucky, for you were sent home without being charged. As you are twenty-nine, you should know better Try to learn, anyway. JOHN BULL.

PRESIDENT, Board of Trade: Every seaport must have hospital, regulations insist. But that at Sutton Bridge has had only one patient in fifty years. Move it to where it's wanted.—JOHN BULL.

The OFFICIAL RECEIVER,
Manchester Bankruptcy Court

DEAR SIR,—I await with interest your report on the affairs of two Womersley men trading as motor engineers.

They have been sued for debt, it is stated, every week since December, 1930, and for some months have received six processes a week. The costs for writs and summonses amount to £200!

Is it not absurd that this sort of trading cannot be stopped?

JOHN BULL.

Hitler's Sinister War

by A. G. Gardiner

Adolf Hitler and his chalet at Berchtesgaden. "Here he flies to carry on his campaign for the conquest of Austria"

I AM writing from the vicinity of Salzburg. That famous city, the birthplace of Mozart and the gateway to the Austrian Tirol, has a double interest at this time. This is the season of its great musical festival, but overshadowing that event is the silent war that Hitler is waging against Austria.

You cannot be unconscious of that war here, for Hitler's G.H.Q. is only a dozen miles or so away. You may see it among the hills of Berchtesgaden, where Bavaria dips down into Austria.

Thither Hitler flies every week-end, not only to enjoy the scenery, but to carry on his campaign for the conquest of Austria.

The success of that campaign is vital to his plan. If he can bring down the Dollfuss Government and establish the Nazi rule in Austria, he will do two things.

He will win a dazzling personal victory which will enormously enhance his prestige in Germany. He will have succeeded where Stresemann and Bruening failed, and will have brought about the practical union of Germany and Austria in defiance of the Treaty of Versailles. He will be as completely the dictator of Austria as he is now the dictator of Germany.

This will promote his larger aim. This larger aim is to create a great central Germanic block whose influence shall extend southward into Switzerland and eastward into Czecho-Slovakia. If the banner of the swastika can sweep Austria, it can sweep other territories and bring them within the orbit of the German system.

Prohibitive tax

But Austria must be conquered first. If he fails here he cannot hope to win elsewhere, and his prestige in Germany itself will suffer a shattering blow.

The issue is in the balance, and even the most expert observers whom I have consulted here do not venture to forecast the result with any confidence. "Fifty-fifty" is the general estimate of the situation.

No one can doubt the formidable power of the weapon with which Hitler is smiting Austria. That weapon is the economic boycott.

Let us look at one phase of that boycott. Austria is an impoverished country which was more shamefully mutilated by the Peace than any other. Its dependence on the good-will of its powerful German neighbour, always great, is now intensified by its isolation from the territories which formerly belonged to the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

But it still has one great industry. The Austrian Tirol is, next to Switzerland, the greatest and most beautiful playground in Europe. All through the Inn Valley and the Salzkammergut is a panorama of mountain, river and lake scenery of incomparable beauty. It was the great holiday resort of the German people, and the prosperity of cities like Innsbruck and Salzburg, and of hundreds of towns and villages by the lakes and rivers, depended upon the tides of visitors who flowed in from the north.

Hitler has cut off this great trade at a blow. No German can spend his holidays in Austria without paying a tax of a thousand marks for the privilege. For all practical purposes it is a prohibitive tax. Even those Germans who are able to pay it would not dare to incur the odium consequent on doing so. They would be marked men, traitors to the gospel of the dictator, who, as I write, sits in his chalet across the frontier a dozen miles away, surveying the country he is strangling.

Despairing tradesmen

It is as though England, having a disagreement with Scotland, made every Englishman who wished to spend his holiday in that country pay a tax of £50. Such a penalty would destroy the most prosperous industry of Scotland, which is the entertainment of the southern folk.

The devastating effect of this economic strangulation is evident all along the route through which I motored in the Tirol. The hotel-keepers and tradesmen are in despair, and the holiday traffic of the roads is diverted into the Bavarian highlands, which are reaping the harvest usually gathered in the Austrian Tirol. Faced with ruin and caring little about the political issue, it is not surprising that the Tirolese are anxious for peace with Germany on any terms.

Austria's David

It is this economic weapon even more than the war of propaganda which Hitler is waging in Austria that threatens Dollfuss. That gallant little man is fighting desperately against the conspiracies which Hitler is engineering within Austria for the overthrow of the Government.

It is for him a fight to the death, for if he falls he knows that he and all who are associated with him will have no choice but flight or the concentration camps. His chief strength in the struggle is the fact that he has the sympathy of Britain, France and Italy; but how far that sympathy can save him from the hammer-strokes of the German dictator remains to be seen.

So far it has had no visible effect in repressing Hitler's ruthless campaign. His aim is to force Dollfuss to dissolve and appeal to the country. I think he will succeed in that aim unless there is much more decisive action on the part of the other three Powers who have, with Germany, signed the Rome Treaty.

What the result of the election will be it is impossible to say. That the Nazi strength is formidable is beyond question, and Hitler's economic stranglehold on the Tirol has greatly increased it.

Much depends on whether the Socialist Party, which has hitherto held aloof from the Clericals and the Heimwehr, who form the backbone of the Dollfuss Government, has the wisdom to change its policy. The red light that is lit over Germany should warn the Socialists of the fate that awaits them if they do not. For, if Hitler prevails, Socialists, Jews and Liberals of all sorts will be as ruthlessly steam-rollered in Austria as they have been in Germany.

If the Socialists back the Dollfuss Government, the odds, though slight, would be against the triumph of Hitler. In that case it would be the urgent duty of the Powers to take a strong hand in protecting Austria against further interference from Germany.

If, on the other hand, Hitler wins and becomes in effect dictator of Austria as well as of Germany, Europe will be faced with a challenge which cannot fail to issue in catastrophe.

Call his bluff!

A peaceful German union with Austria, sanctioned by the Powers, would have made for the peace of Europe; but a German conquest of Austria, carried out in defiance of treaties and animated by a revival of German militarism, would bring the war clouds boiling up on the horizon.

This situation must not be allowed to drift. The signatory Powers of the Rome Treaty must act boldly and at once. And not the signatories of the Rome Treaty only. The League of Nations must call Hitler's bluff before it is too late.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Cyril Winn, H.M. Inspector of Music, on—

Critics in the Cradle

IN this cultured age
Music is the rage.
Lecturers tell how to play and how just not to sing;
Inspectors e'en are paid
Though taxpayers upbraid—
For music is "inspected" now, like every blessed thing!
There's music in the air,
Music everywhere,
Music on the radio and music on the brain;
From the house next door
Fearsome noises pour;
Peace is butchered ev'ry night and harmony is slain!
E'en the babe in arms
Knows of music's charms,
Knows of "nasal resonance" and such-like jolly things;
Knows, indeed, enough
Mother to rebuff
When a gentle lullaby in faulty style she sings!

Since my recent address to students of the Summer School in Music Teaching, at Oxford, various people, having seen my official title, "H.M. Inspector of Music," have expressed surprise that such a position exists.

Why they should do so I cannot understand, as I should have thought that the inhabitants of this island had by now realised that, whether they like it or not, a grandmotherly bureaucracy has thoughtfully provided inspectors of everything under heaven and above the earth.

On the other hand, some people who have for long suffered from the loud-speakers of neighbouring wireless fiends seem to have rushed to the conclusion that an Inspector of Music has powers resembling those of an Inspector of Nuisances, and they are eager to enlist my aid.

I am sorry that I cannot be of direct assistance to these sufferers, as my duties are of a more academic nature. The most I can do is to help them indirectly by seeking to improve the general standard of musical appreciation.

This standard, as I suggested in my lecture, is, in certain quarters, already lofty. Children nowadays are already picking up so much of the technical jargon of musical criticism that parental efforts at melody-making are liable to be received with sophisticated scorn.

Gone are the days when father had only to warble of Ten Little Nigger Boys in a throaty bass to win the delighted admiration of his progeny. To youngsters accustomed to the mellifluous accents of Uncle Whatshisname, of the B.B.C., the noises made by father are apt to resemble the death agony of a circular saw.

As I told the Summer School students, the children of the future, instead of being sung to sleep by parents, will sing their parents to sleep. Certainly if we continue to impart musical knowledge at the rate we are now doing no mother will dare sing lullabies to her offspring lest baby leaps from the cradle and points out that mother is not producing a sufficient amount of nasal resonance.

Indeed, it is not at all difficult to imagine the pained accents in which the cradle critic of a few years hence may address an unmusical parent:

"Hush-a-bye, Baby"—oh! kindly refrain,
Mummy, from singing that drivelsome strain!
You may in your ignorance think it is music,
But if you knew better 'twould make even *you* sick!
Your nerve-racking tremolo, frankly, dear Ma,
Is worse than the sandpaper basso of Pa!
The airs that you sing, dear, are really *too* trite;
They act on my cultured young soul like a blight!
The music *I* favour is not such as *you* know,
But excerpts from Mozart and Wagner and Gounod;
I hate to discourage you, darling, but gosh!
You really do gargle quite terrible tosh!

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But not before he had raided the banking account of the British Fascists!

Crellin still took his morning exercise in the Row—until one day other people he had been deceiving found him there and chased him off

From Fascism, Crellin has in recent weeks transferred his bogus activities to shipping. He has been in the limelight as the principal of a £1,000,000 company which is supposed to be about to acquire a fleet of ten passenger ships owned by railway companies and which is co-operating (in his imagination) with a leading firm of naval constructors.

A particularly bad aspect of this latest deception is that Crellin has robbed and almost ruined a woman from whom he rented a £300 a year flat in the West End.

To get her confidence and money, he has made her a director of a fictitious subsidiary company by which she and her friends were to receive £5,000 yearly for office expenses alone, and a commission of five per cent. each upon purchases of linen, plate, refrigerators and other equipment for his non-existent fleet of steamboats to the extent of £70,000 yearly.

Crellin has even gone so far as to take a suite of offices in Regent Street, W. for the accommodation of the spurious buying company, but, of course, no rent has been paid.

Publicity drive

He further established himself in this woman's confidence by hoaxing one of the best-known advertising experts into producing a £12,000 publicity scheme for his companies and by leading her to believe that this gentleman and an eminent solicitor were among his financial sponsors.

Her trust in Crellin has ended in having her property seized and being turned out of her home. He had even taken and pledged the lease of her flat.

I have only sketchily described the most recent exploits of Crellin. The details of his other acts of ruthless essays in finance would make a catalogue of fantasy.

My record shows him as having been at this game for four years, breeding bogus companies, forming chains of non-existent hotels, creating shipping and aviation fleets, and generally fooling people in high positions.

How much longer will this prince of confidence tricksters be allowed to reign?

Fourteen of the twenty-five men who have suffered imprisonment in the extraordinary circumstances here related

Amazing Drama of BRITISH LINER

—Twenty-Five of Crew Branded by Jail

A FILE of twenty-five men passed out from Wormwood Scrubs Prison the other morning.

The wives and children of some were there to greet them. Embraces over, the men, with their families in their midst, stood regarding each other in mental stupor.

For years they had been shipmates and chums ashore at all the great ports of the world. Every one of them was a man of excellent character and an efficient sailor who never before had much trouble in finding a place in the crew of one or other of the big ships of the merchant service.

But the clang of the prison gates signalled the ruin of their careers.

These twenty-five typical and honest seamen had just been released from three weeks' imprisonment. They could not understand the severity of this punishment, but still worse punishment, they knew, was ahead of them. Henceforth they would be outcasts in the labour market of the sea.

Small wonder they looked dazed.

Strange story

The public has learned nothing from the general Press regarding the reasons why this large body of men was sent to prison. This omission to make the facts known is remarkable, because the circumstances are extraordinary. It is believed, indeed, that there has been no case of the kind in the British mercantile marine for nearly half a century.

It would be an injustice to the twenty-five men if the truth remained concealed. JOHN BULL now tells it.

The strange story began nearly three months ago when the British liner *Mahia* sailed for New Zealand.

From the start the voyage was punctuated by a series of incidents revealing marked hostility between members of the crew and the boatswain of the ship.

These came to a tragic culmination seven days off New Zealand.

Among the crew was a young ordinary seaman named Edward Winter, who for two weeks out from London had been incapacitated by illness. The lad, who was popular in the ship, came into conflict with the boatswain when he was able to resume duty. There seems no doubt that, following an altercation, Winter struck the boatswain, who retaliated.

A few minutes after he had recovered and was able to raise himself from the deck, the young sailor threw himself overboard, and was drowned.

At the first port of call in New Zealand an enquiry was held upon the circumstances of the suicide, and after the liner sailed for the next port, Wellington, the crew learned that the conclusion arrived at was that the boatswain was not in any way responsible for Winter's death, and no charge could be brought against him.

They were not satisfied, and when the *Mahia* put into Wellington, thirty-one members of the crew went on shore, and, obtaining legal help, drafted and signed a petition to the Minister of Justice for action to be taken by the Crown.

In the petition it was declared that it appeared that an attempt was being made to smother the whole affair.

It was speedily decided by the Minister of Justice that the case did not call for action by the Crown.

A deputation from the crew thereupon approached the captain of the *Mahia* and stated that, having failed in their purpose by constitutional methods, they had resolved to continue to serve with the ship only if the boatswain was removed from it.

In consequence of this action, the thirty-one sailors who had signed the petition to the judicial authorities, found themselves before the magistrate at Wellington, charged with disobedience to lawful commands.

While the case, which had an astonishing sequel, was in progress, it was announced that the boatswain had tendered his resignation, and that the prosecution would be stopped if the men consented to return to the liner. The court became a bargaining-ground.

The sailors asked for a guarantee that when they reached London they would not be given what are known as "black" discharges, which would mean that they would never be likely to obtain employment again in British ships.

An emphatic refusal was given.

Storm of protest

The thirty-one men in the dock stood firm and asked that their trial should go on.

All of them were convicted and sent to prison or fined.

An outcry against the convictions and sentences was raised in New Zealand. Seamen, dockers, and other waterfront workers united immediately in protest, and preparations were made for a general stoppage of work.

Next day an almost incredible event happened.

The sailors were brought back to court and the magistrate was asked to quash all the convictions. *He did so.*

And an announcement was made that the captain of the *Mahia*, acting upon the instructions of the owners, had agreed to wipe out all the entries in the log against the crew, and guaranteed that when they returned to Britain there would be no stoppages of pay, no bad discharges, and no further action against any of them. It was further conceded that the liner should sail without the boatswain.

With its crew satisfied and free from guilt and penalties, the *Mahia* left at once for London and passed out of this story.

Ten days later the liner *Ionic* from Britain called at Wellington.

On the night before the *Ionic* was due to leave, members of the crew returned to the ship from a visit to the town and reported to their shipmates that while on shore they had heard certain statements.

A deputation went to the captain and informed him that they had learned that the former boatswain of the *Mahia* was to travel back to Britain in the *Ionic* as a passenger.

They suggested that it would be inadvisable for the boatswain to accompany the ship. Later, an officer of the ship appeared in the forecastle and informed the crew that the boatswain would not travel in the *Ionic*.

But next morning twenty minutes before the liner was due to sail, word went round the crew that the boatswain was on board.

Twenty-five members of the crew walked down and stood at the foot of the gangway. Before leaving, they apparently satisfied themselves that the ship had a full head of steam and that the minimum number of men remained for safe navigation if the captain decided to sail without them.

From the rail, the captain demanded the reason for the men's action.

They replied that they objected to the presence of the boatswain in the ship. The captain summoned police officers from the quay, and, under their escort, the boatswain left the ship, a steward following with his kit.

The twenty-five men thereupon ascended the gangway, resumed their duties, and the *Ionic* departed.

When the liner duly reached London a policeman handed to each of the twenty-five sailors three summonses to appear at East Ham police court charging him with wilful disobedience, leaving the ship without permission, and impeding navigation.

They were sentenced in a body to the three weeks' imprisonment from which they have just emerged.

We have presented the facts of these amazing episodes of the sea without comment or criticism. They speak for themselves, and it seems proper that the public should be made aware of them.

Our appeal . . .

All the men, without exception, have fine records. They now carry what they regard as the dreaded stigma of "black" discharges which, with unemployment so prevalent in the merchant service, spell the end of their careers.

Their prison punishment cannot be undone. But we hope that, in keeping with the generous exoneration of the crew of the *Mahia*, the owners of the *Ionic* will withdraw the bad discharges of these sailors.

Unquestionably they are good fellows, who acted only according to their consciences, and in the belief that what they did was in the best interests of their ship and their employers.

Homely Wisdom by Canon Campbell, D.D.

When LIFE CRASHES

READERS have been writing to me about the sorrowful experience entitled "A Bitter Blow" recently described in one of my homilies.

The various comments received are only what one might expect; they illustrate the prevalence of the trouble caused by alienated love.

One person suggestively compares married life to an aeroplane flight like that of Jim and Amy Mollison, taking turns as observer and pilot. If one or other relaxes or ceases to care what the partner does, the machine crashes with dire results for both.

Another says: "You think and write as a man only; and, man-like, you are incapable of understanding how a woman suffers when all that she values most in life is torn from her."

I admit the truth in this remonstrance, if such it be; but I am not incapable of perceiving and reverencing woman's divine capacity for self-sacrifice. It was to this I appealed in the advice I gave.

Women usually excel men in their wonderful readiness to sacrifice themselves for the sake of those they love and in their willingness to forgive the most cruel wrongs inflicted on that love.

They can bear pain better than men, and be glad to do it if thereby they can minister relief and help to husband or child. They are doing this all the time and as a matter of course.

But how utterly different when the suffering is not only useless but actually caused by the loved one's disloyalty and faithlessness!—not an uncommon thing in this sad world.

Two pitiful human stories—one from an elderly woman and the other from a young man—have been submitted to me of late bearing on the point.

The former pleads with me to say what could be done to win an erring husband back to a sense of duty to his family.

The other has discovered that he is subject to an incurable infirmity, which, so doctors tell him, will put marriage out of the question for him. He is also out of work.

He has, therefore, released the girl he loves from her promise to marry him, and now has the mortification of seeing her engaged to someone else and apparently forgetful of the vows of everlasting attachment she used to exchange with himself. Brooding upon his loss, he says, is almost driving him mad.

To both of these sorrowing ones, so far apart in age and experience, but accordant in grief, I would offer the same comfort. One cannot honestly say they need not suffer, but out of that suffering in time to come they can win peace.

Love that gives all and asks nothing is a greater thing than love that seeks only to possess. The heart that succeeds in acquiring through pain a deeper interest in others, and a power of healing their wounds, cannot remain unhappy.

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But not before he had raided the banking account of the British Fascists!

Crellin still took his morning exercise in the Row—until one day other people he had been deceiving found him there and chased him off

From Fascism, Crellin has in recent weeks transferred his bogus activities to shipping. He has been in the limelight as the principal of a £1,000,000 company which is supposed to be about to acquire a fleet of ten passenger ships owned by railway companies and which is co-operating (in his imagination) with a leading firm of naval constructors.

A particularly bad aspect of this latest deception is that Crellin has robbed and almost ruined a woman from whom he rented a £300 a year flat in the West End.

To get her confidence and money, he has made her a director of a fictitious subsidiary company by which she and her friends were to receive £5,000 yearly for office expenses alone, and a commission of five per cent. each upon purchases of linen, plate, refrigerators and other equipment for his non-existent fleet of steamboats to the extent of £70,000 yearly.

Crellin has even gone so far as to take a suite of offices in Regent Street, W. for the accommodation of the spurious buying company, but, of course, no rent has been paid.

Publicity drive

He further established himself in this woman's confidence by hoaxing one of the best-known advertising experts into producing a £12,000 publicity scheme for his companies and by leading her to believe that this gentleman and an eminent solicitor were among his financial sponsors.

Her trust in Crellin has ended in having her property seized and being turned out of her home. He had even taken and pledged the lease of her flat.

I have only sketchily described the most recent exploits of Crellin. The details of his other acts of ruthless essays in finance would make a catalogue of fantasy.

My record shows him as having been at this game for four years, breeding bogus companies, forming chains of non-existent hotels, creating shipping and aviation fleets, and generally fooling people in high positions.

How much longer will this prince of confidence tricksters be allowed to reign?

Fourteen of the twenty-five men who have suffered imprisonment in the extraordinary circumstances here related

Amazing Drama of BRITISH LINER

—Twenty-Five of Crew Branded by Jail

A FILE of twenty-five men passed out from Wormwood Scrubs Prison the other morning.

The wives and children of some were there to greet them. Embraces over, the men, with their families in their midst, stood regarding each other in mental stupor.

For years they had been shipmates and chums ashore at all the great ports of the world. Every one of them was a man of excellent character and an efficient sailor who never before had much trouble in finding a place in the crew of one or other of the big ships of the merchant service.

But the clang of the prison gates signalled the ruin of their careers.

These twenty-five typical and honest seamen had just been released from three weeks' imprisonment. They could not understand the severity of this punishment, but still worse punishment, they knew, was ahead of them. Henceforth they would be outcasts in the labour market of the sea.

Small wonder they looked dazed.

Strange story

The public has learned nothing from the general Press regarding the reasons why this large body of men was sent to prison. This omission to make the facts known is remarkable, because the circumstances are extraordinary. It is believed, indeed, that there has been no case of the kind in the British mercantile marine for nearly half a century.

It would be an injustice to the twenty-five men if the truth remained concealed. JOHN BULL now tells it.

The strange story began nearly three months ago when the British liner *Mahia* sailed for New Zealand.

From the start the voyage was punctuated by a series of incidents revealing marked hostility between members of the crew and the boatswain of the ship.

These came to a tragic culmination seven days off New Zealand.

Among the crew was a young ordinary seaman named Edward Winter, who for two weeks out from London had been incapacitated by illness. The lad, who was popular in the ship, came into conflict with the boatswain when he was able to resume duty. There seems no doubt that, following an altercation, Winter struck the boatswain, who retaliated.

A few minutes after he had recovered and was able to raise himself from the deck, the young sailor threw himself overboard, and was drowned.

At the first port of call in New Zealand an enquiry was held upon the circumstances of the suicide, and after the liner sailed for the next port, Wellington, the crew learned that the conclusion arrived at was that the boatswain was not in any way responsible for Winter's death, and no charge could be brought against him.

They were not satisfied, and when the *Mahia* put into Wellington, thirty-one members of the crew went on shore, and, obtaining legal help, drafted and signed a petition to the Minister of Justice for action to be taken by the Crown.

In the petition it was declared that it appeared that an attempt was being made to smother the whole affair.

It was speedily decided by the Minister of Justice that the case did not call for action by the Crown.

A deputation from the crew thereupon approached the captain of the *Mahia* and stated that, having failed in their purpose by constitutional methods, they had resolved to continue to serve with the ship only if the boatswain was removed from it.

In consequence of this action, the thirty-one sailors who had signed the petition to the judicial authorities, found themselves before the magistrate at Wellington, charged with disobedience to lawful commands.

While the case, which had an astonishing sequel, was in progress, it was announced that the boatswain had tendered his resignation, and that the prosecution would be stopped if the men consented to return to the liner. The court became a bargaining-ground.

The sailors asked for a guarantee that when they reached London they would not be given what are known as "black" discharges, which would mean that they would never be likely to obtain employment again in British ships.

An emphatic refusal was given.

Storm of protest

The thirty-one men in the dock stood firm and asked that their trial should go on.

All of them were convicted and sent to prison or fined.

An outcry against the convictions and sentences was raised in New Zealand. Seamen, dockers, and other waterfront workers united immediately in protest, and preparations were made for a general stoppage of work.

Next day an almost incredible event happened.

The sailors were brought back to court and the magistrate was asked to quash all the convictions. *He did so.*

And an announcement was made that the captain of the *Mahia*, acting upon the instructions of the owners, had agreed to wipe out all the entries in the log against the crew, and guaranteed that when they returned to Britain there would be no stoppages of pay, no bad discharges, and no further action against any of them. It was further conceded that the liner should sail without the boatswain.

With its crew satisfied and free from guilt and penalties, the *Mahia* left at once for London and passed out of this story.

Ten days later the liner *Ionic* from Britain called at Wellington.

On the night before the *Ionic* was due to leave, members of the crew returned to the ship from a visit to the town and reported to their shipmates that while on shore they had heard certain statements.

A deputation went to the captain and informed him that they had learned that the former boatswain of the *Mahia* was to travel back to Britain in the *Ionic* as a passenger.

They suggested that it would be inadvisable for the boatswain to accompany the ship. Later, an officer of the ship appeared in the forecastle and informed the crew that the boatswain would not travel in the *Ionic*.

But next morning twenty minutes before the liner was due to sail, word went round the crew that the boatswain was on board.

Twenty-five members of the crew walked down and stood at the foot of the gangway. Before leaving, they apparently satisfied themselves that the ship had a full head of steam and that the minimum number of men remained for safe navigation if the captain decided to sail without them.

From the rail, the captain demanded the reason for the men's action.

They replied that they objected to the presence of the boatswain in the ship. The captain summoned police officers from the quay, and, under their escort, the boatswain left the ship, a steward following with his kit.

The twenty-five men thereupon ascended the gangway, resumed their duties, and the *Ionic* departed.

When the liner duly reached London a policeman handed to each of the twenty-five sailors three summonses to appear at East Ham police court charging him with wilful disobedience, leaving the ship without permission, and impeding navigation.

They were sentenced in a body to the three weeks' imprisonment from which they have just emerged.

We have presented the facts of these amazing episodes of the sea without comment or criticism. They speak for themselves, and it seems proper that the public should be made aware of them.

Our appeal . . .

All the men, without exception, have fine records. They now carry what they regard as the dreaded stigma of "black" discharges which, with unemployment so prevalent in the merchant service, spell the end of their careers.

Their prison punishment cannot be undone. But we hope that, in keeping with the generous exoneration of the crew of the *Mahia*, the owners of the *Ionic* will withdraw the bad discharges of these sailors.

Unquestionably they are good fellows, who acted only according to their consciences, and in the belief that what they did was in the best interests of their ship and their employers.

Homely Wisdom by Canon Campbell, D.D.

When LIFE CRASHES

READERS have been writing to me about the sorrowful experience entitled "A Bitter Blow" recently described in one of my homilies.

The various comments received are only what one might expect; they illustrate the prevalence of the trouble caused by alienated love.

One person suggestively compares married life to an aeroplane flight like that of Jim and Amy Mollison, taking turns as observer and pilot. If one or other relaxes or ceases to care what the partner does, the machine crashes with dire results for both.

Another says: "You think and write as a man only; and, man-like, you are incapable of understanding how a woman suffers when all that she values most in life is torn from her."

I admit the truth in this remonstrance, if such it be; but I am not incapable of perceiving and reverencing woman's divine capacity for self-sacrifice. It was to this I appealed in the advice I gave.

Women usually excel men in their wonderful readiness to sacrifice themselves for the sake of those they love and in their willingness to forgive the most cruel wrongs inflicted on that love.

They can bear pain better than men, and be glad to do it if thereby they can minister relief and help to husband or child. They are doing this all the time and as a matter of course.

But how utterly different when the suffering is not only useless but actually caused by the loved one's disloyalty and faithlessness!—not an uncommon thing in this sad world.

Two pitiful human stories—one from an elderly woman and the other from a young man—have been submitted to me of late bearing on the point.

The former pleads with me to say what could be done to win an erring husband back to a sense of duty to his family.

The other has discovered that he is subject to an incurable infirmity, which, so doctors tell him, will put marriage out of the question for him. He is also out of work.

He has, therefore, released the girl he loves from her promise to marry him, and now has the mortification of seeing her engaged to someone else and apparently forgetful of the vows of everlasting attachment she used to exchange with himself. Brooding upon his loss, he says, is almost driving him mad.

To both of these sorrowing ones, so far apart in age and experience, but accordant in grief, I would offer the same comfort. One cannot honestly say they need not suffer, but out of that suffering in time to come they can win peace.

Love that gives all and asks nothing is a greater thing than love that seeks only to possess. The heart that succeeds in acquiring through pain a deeper interest in others, and a power of healing their wounds, cannot remain unhappy.

NOTICE:

TO ALL BENNETT COLLEGE STUDENTS.

DEAR STUDENTS.

DURING THE HOLIDAY WEEKS WHEN OUTDOOR SPORTS ARE SO ATTRACTIVE, I HAVE NOT EXPECTED YOU TO BE SO TENACIOUS WITH YOUR STUDIES, BUT THE HOLIDAY SEASON IS NOW ABOUT OVER AND I HOPE YOU WILL NOT THINK THAT I AM TOO PRESSING WHEN I URGE YOU FROM NOW ONWARDS TO CONCENTRATE UPON YOUR HOME STUDIES

I AM VERY ANXIOUS FOR YOUR SUCCESS; I CAN DO A LOT TO HELP YOU FORWARD IN THE WORLD AS I HAVE DONE FOR THOUSANDS OF OTHERS, BUT YOU MUST DO YOUR SHARE; YOU MUST ACHIEVE YOUR OBJECT, GAIN YOUR CERTIFICATE OF EFFICIENCY, OR PASS YOUR EXAM AS THE CASE MAY BE, AND THEN THE WORLD WILL LOOK BIGGER AND BRIGHTER FOR YOU.

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THE BENNETT COLLEGE LTD., DEPT. 31, SHEFFIELD

MISSING COUNCILLOR—

Startling Charges

SECRECY regarding municipal affairs is one of the gravest abuses of local government.

From time to time cases occur in different parts of the country of local authorities adopting a "hush-hush" policy on some matter affecting the ratepayers in that particular district.

Fear of criticism, which would follow publicity, or some affair concerning the personal interest of a councillor or the reputation of a party, are usually the reasons which induce this conspiracy of silence

"We do not want the public to know anything about this trouble," say councillors among themselves. So, in privacy, a tacit agreement is reached to tell the public nothing.

It has often been the duty of JOHN BULL to discover and reveal cases of this kind, but rarely have we encountered a more amazing instance of neglect than that which surrounds the strange case of Mr. Fred Buxton, the missing councillor of Leek.

Leek is a thriving town of nearly twenty thousand inhabitants in North Staffordshire. It lives mainly on its silk industry and as a centre of agriculture. The soundness of its municipal control has always been a local pride. In normal affairs the Leek Urban District Council is a thoroughly capable body.

Members of the Leek Council, who may be relied upon to consider the case of the disappearing councillor

Not a word

But, regarding their missing member, the Leek councillors have broken all the recognised rules of local government, and have disregarded the law.

In addition, they have become amazingly secretive.

The missing councillor is a widower in the early forties, and at one time he was a prominent figure in the political life of the town, and an official of several trade organisations.

Mr. Buxton, after serving in the war—he was in the Royal Artillery and became a gunnery instructor—returned to his home town, and in due course established a local political reputation. He was a versatile speaker, and was much in demand at meetings. His character was considered unimpeachable.

In March, 1926, he was elected a member of the Leek Urban District Council on a political ticket, and threw himself enthusiastically into the work.

His first term of office ended, he was re-elected again by a large vote of the ratepayers in March, 1931.

Then, in the winter of that year, something unaccountable happened to upset Mr. Buxton's municipal activity. *His last appearance at a meeting of the council was on December 15, 1931.*

Since then he has never been near the Town Hall, nor attended to any of his duties as a councillor!

Voters didn't know

From the end of 1931 to the summer of 1933 is a long time of neglect of office, and yet Mr. Fred Buxton is still officially a member of the Leek Urban District Council. Why he has not been removed, as he should have been, and his seat declared vacant, only his fellow-members of the council know.

The provision of the Local Government Act to meet such a contingency of unexplained absence from duty on the part of a councillor is quite clear.

If a member is absent from meetings for a period of six months, the council *shall* (not "may") declare a vacancy and proceed to another election.

No notice whatever has been taken by the Leek Council of this instruction under Act of Parliament.

What is more, no mention has been made at any public meeting of the council of the persistent absence of Councillor Buxton.

The ratepayers, who appointed him at elections on two occasions, are not even aware that their representative has been lost!

But there is something still more unaccountable. When, in March of this year, the new committees of the council were nominated, Councillor Buxton was placed on two important committees, although by then he had been "absent without leave" for nearly fifteen months.

From December, 1931, onward there has been an empty chair in the council chamber at Leek. Nothing has been said and nothing has been done, and apparently nothing will be done until—with the ordinary lapse of time—there is another election of councillors next year.

When it comes to a conspiracy of silence, the members of the Leek Council are a very close corporation indeed. They seem to consider that silence is golden, especially when a fellow-member is affected.

Recent events, however, which we are able to disclose, may spur these reluctant councillors into some kind of action for the welfare of their town.

Deserted children

The absent councillor is now well and truly missing. He has disappeared.

A few weeks ago, while his three eldest children were at school, he left his house in Provost Place, and has not been seen since by any person who knows him. He left a scrawled note, stating: "I am going away. Tell my brother." He took none of his belongings with him. He just "walked out" on his children and his home—and on Leek.

Only the kindness of relatives saved the children from destitution and becoming chargeable to the local public assistance committee. A brother is now maintaining Mr. Buxton's two boys, and a sister-in-law his two girls. The children range from three to thirteen years of age.

Constantly the sons and the elder daughter, the pathetic sufferers in this mystery of the missing councillor, are asking for their father. They want to know when he is coming back; when they are going home again.

Actually, their home has gone, like their father. The furniture has been seized and sold for a debt incurred by this councillor of Leek.

Police asking, too

Mr. Buxton has not thought fit to send a line, since his disappearance, to his brother, nor to any other relative. He has simply flitted away into the unknown, leaving his family responsibilities to be borne by others.

Yet he is still officially a member of the Leek Urban District Council—a representative of the ratepayers.

JOHN BULL has made certain other discoveries, which may, in fact, explain something of the mystery of the missing councillor.

One is that the Staffordshire police are distinctly anxious to discover his whereabouts.

Certain alleged offences, involving accusations of larceny and fraud, have been brought to their notice, and they desire to have a personal explanation from Mr. Buxton regarding these matters.

His description has been circulated. He has been sought after in Manchester, Blackpool, and elsewhere in the North of England.

By a strange irony of fate, the photograph used by the police for the purposes of their search is one which illustrated Buxton's election literature when he stood as a candidate for the council!

It is also interesting to note that one warrant for his detention has been signed by a fellow-member of the Leek Council, who is a magistrate.

If Fred Buxton, councillor of Leek, Staffordshire, has a satisfactory answer to the allegations made against him, why does he stay away?

The lesson

The whole mystery of his disappearance cannot be solved until he either returns voluntarily or is brought back by the police.

Meanwhile, this story shows how necessary it is for any local government body to be perfectly frank when the conduct of one of its members is in dispute.

A "hush-hush" policy in town administration is never justified.

Other towns in England and Wales might do well to read the lesson of Leek to their own advantage.

It always pays to tell the public the truth.

The Human Machine

Wake Up *and* Live!

LOTS of people die before they have begun to live. That's not as strange as it sounds. So many people spend their time preparing to live—instead of living; so many people spend their time feverishly searching for something that will enable them to live more happily; so many people spend their time passively enduring life, instead of actively living it.

That's why so many people die without actually living at all. They imagine that the future will be greatly different from the present—which is a great fallacy and productive of nothing but a waste of energy.

What you are living NOW *is life, and the sooner you realise it the sooner you will wake up and begin to live.*

You are waiting for a better chance? You will never have a better chance than you have now. You will never have more opportunities than you have now.

The world is all yours to do what you like with at this very moment; its opportunities and its possibilities are as open to you as to anyone else; no one except yourself can prevent you using them. You will never have a greater chance of happiness than you have now; for happiness is just a question of temperament and mental adjustment, and it is your choice whether you are happy or sad. Twenty years hence it will still be your choice. Why not choose now?

Possessions do not constitute life. Life consists in LIVING; *and if you think that's a trite remark it's because you've never bothered to think about it at all.*

You'd better begin to live now—for it's you who will grow old and stale—not Life.

ARSON "CHIEF"

THE conviction of Leopold Harris and his fellow-conspirators has provided the general Press with a wealth of sensational material, and columns have been filled with stories of their widespread coups.

But it is easy to be wise after the event.

JOHN BULL is able to note the passing of this arson gang with more than ordinary satisfaction, for it is the only paper which devoted publicity to these fire-raising plots when the perpetrators were still at large.

As long ago as August, 1931, in an article dealing with faked insurance claims, we gave an insight into their methods, and again in July last year we dealt specifically with the activities of the Harris gang.

It is not only property that suffers at the hands of the fire fiends—human lives, too, are often imperilled

The individual at the head, we intimated, was a man whose name was a byword in all big insurance offices, and who was known to have obtained huge sums as the proceeds of "black fires."

"When he makes a false move," we declared, "some startling disclosures will be revealed. His day of reckoning must surely come, for the authorities have long been engaged in compiling evidence against him."

That prophecy has now been fulfilled, and it will be some time before the sensation dies down.

And now we propose to venture a further prophecy and say that an even greater sensation may be expected before the "black fire" menace is finally ended.

For Leopold Harris, though a formidable master-mind in the game, had at least one equal and other lesser rivals who are still at large.

The names of some of them figure in documents amassed during the protracted enquiries which led to the recent convictions, so the authorities must be fully alive to the menace.

The "Chief"

Chief among them is a foreigner, with offices in London, Paris and Antwerp, and with a following of ready hirelings on both sides of the Channel. We know his name, but for obvious reasons do not reveal it.

Leopold Harris was known as "The Prince." This other king of fire-raisers is known to his associates as "The Chief." His name has cropped up constantly in investigations carried out during the past four years by detectives acting under Detective-Inspector Keech, of Scotland Yard. But so far he has defied all efforts to lay him by the heels.

He moves about openly as a successful business man with many interests. He has a big house in London, owns two cars, and travels to and from the Continent on seemingly legitimate enterprises.

He is a director of several small companies of good repute, and combines the business of financier with other seemingly legitimate enterprises.

Most of his businesses are really run as a cloak for his more sinister activities.

In his financier's office in the City, or at an office he shares with a broker elsewhere, he often spends hours engrossed in no legitimate work.

But there is an outward show of normal business, and he is thus provided with various havens where he can devise his schemes for bogus fires and burglaries, and meet his associates without arousing suspicion.

So cleverly does he mask his various inner operations that he could easily show, in an emergency, that normal business was being carried on from these addresses.

Indeed, the very nature of some of his undertakings enables him to confer with shady underlings at his offices without arousing suspicion. If challenged at any time he can always shrug his shoulders and "explain" that as a financier or broker some of his clients may not be altogether desirable. But he will deny that he wittingly allows shady souls to enter his offices.

In the family

This man resembles Leopold Harris in many ways and, in his earlier days, he transacted considerable business with him.

His gang is very much a family affair.

Brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts all figure in his conspiracies.

Among his most trusted confederates, though, are men of German and Russian origin.

Some time ago the authorities came in possession of some astonishing information, and though detectives were able to report to Mr. Norman Kendal, chief of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard, that several fires had been undoubtedly engineered by this man's gang, it has not yet been possible to take any action.

This is not really surprising, because in the Leopold Harris case th Director of Public Prosecutions hes tated right up to the last abo taking action, because of the dif culty of securing evidence th would lead with certainty to convi tion.

An interesting story can be to about a colossal blaze which occurr some time ago at an establishme in the East End of London.

The business had been in existen only a year or so, and originally t premises contained some very val able stock.

It was "The Chief" who financ the purchase of this stock, thou he did so in a roundabout fashio In his guise as a financier he ma a "loan" of several thousa pounds to one of the associates have mentioned.

To anticipate the possibility future enquiries on the part of t authorities, it was arranged as if

Still at Large

Another FIRE GANG that puts LIVES in PERIL

were an ordinary loan transaction. Promissory notes were signed and details of the transaction were duly entered up in the financier's books.

But this money was actually utilised to purchase stock, and to pay premium on an insurance policy worth many thousands. To give an appearance of genuineness to the deal, however, the "borrower" defaulted in repayments of the loan as they became due. Correspondence was entered into between him and "The Chief" and all letters being scrupulously filed away were available for production at any moment to throw dust in the eyes of any persistent investigator.

And it gave the financier an excuse for frequent interviews with the defaulting "client."

So under this cloak a business was started with no other object save arson. When the time came for the fire the valuable stock was secretly moved to other premises, and salvaged stock from a previously rigged fire in the North of England was substituted.

When the stage was all set, another of the gang started the fire with the aid of an explosive contrivance known as a "firebox," and the prearranged disaster was triumphantly secured.

Except for a very small sum in dispute the assurance company paid and the money was apportioned among the "firebugs" in the following manner.

"The Chief" obtained the return in full of his loan with one-third of the insurance money by way of interest. What remained was divided equally among his confederates.

This particular fire, it is interesting to note, was assessed by a dishonest colleague.

As for the stock which had been secretly removed, this went to "The Chief" as his perquisites and was later used in a similar way to obtain an insurance policy for a business in another locality, where a woman confederate was in charge as "proprietress."

A fire was in due course staged here, but the woman's nerve failed her at the last moment and she broke down completely under the insurance assessor's cross-examination. The claim was repudiated, and "The Chief" was wise enough not to press it.

Inspired

His personal loss in this abortive fire was something like £5,000, and he angrily resolved to have no more women as his "nominees" in the future.

Detectives and representatives of Lloyd's probed this particular case tirelessly, and though some interesting facts were added to the official list of cases of suspected arson, it was not possible to formulate a charge.

Scores of fires in London, Birmingham, Glasgow and Liverpool are listed as being inspired by "The Chief" or his agents.

In one case he started another business, and, working entirely through nominees, had it heavily insured with more than one company.

When all was ready the genuine stock was secretly removed and dummy stock substituted. But by some remote freak of fate the "firebox" did not function properly, and the projected big blaze looked like petering out without any great damage being done.

But agents of "The Chief," who had been posted to watch, rushed in, and, with feigned heroism, turned on the firm's private fire hose.

Their energetic efforts to "save" the havoc of the fire that had gone wrong were almost as disastrous in the long run, for perishable stock was so damaged by water that a claim to the insurance company was met.

In another case "The Chief" was anxious to dispose of some property he owned, but no buyer could be found as the premises were out of date.

So he evolved the plan of opening a bogus factory in the basement, and staged a faked fire there in such a way that the whole building became involved.

Two insurance companies were defrauded in this case, and the claim for stock of his supposed factory, substituted at the last moment, brought him a huge return.

In another instance he had the effrontery to stage a fire at premises which had already been the scene of two blazes. From the point of view of the fire-raisers, the site was ideal, as it was in a narrow turning, difficult of approach by the fire brigade.

"The Chief" proceeded against the advice of certain underlings, who held that in view of the two previous fires the suspicions of the authorities might easily be aroused.

But with a possible big prize in the offing, nothing could deter him, and a diabolical plot was hatched to make the fire appear genuine.

It was arranged that all the employees should be kept on the premises while the "firebox" was put into position, and, in the circumstances, it is an amazing thing that no lives were lost.

Once and once only has "The Chief" really been in imminent danger of arrest. That was in connection with a provincial fire where £25,000 insurance money was at stake.

A former confederate, disgruntled after a quarrel with two of the leading agents, went to Scotland Yard a week before the proposed fire and told all he knew.

Safety first

His information proved to be all too accurate. The fire took place on the appointed day to the minute. The authorities and underwriters waited for the claim to come in, but after provisional application from a firm of crooked assessors it was not pursued.

"The Chief's" own private intelligence service had been at work and the fact that official enquiries were afoot decided him that it would be better to forgo the £25,000 rather than risk arrest.

Throughout the Leopold Harris proceedings "The Chief" and his satellites were on tenterhooks lest some disclosure incriminating them might be made. Harris might easily have involved them had he chosen to do so, but he kept silent.

Although "The Chief" now reigns supreme there are several smaller gangs of fire-raisers at work.

One is controlled by a notorious receiver of stolen property; another boasts as its head a man who was once an important figure in a big insurance firm.

Yet another is run by a foreigner who has already served a sentence in jail for participating in a bogus burglary. A fourth is directed by a textile merchant who has been involved in several bankruptcies and who is "wanted" at the moment for obtaining money by false pretences.

But their arrest will come. The net which closed in upon Harris and his confederates will close in upon them, for the authorities leave no stone unturned.

Leopold Harris: we prophesied his downfall

In all the stories that have been told in the sensational Harris trial nothing has been said of the patient and persistent enquiry work which made the ultimate convictions possible.

We happen to know that the names of Leopold and David Harris had figured in investigations from 1920. Every report in which their names appeared was carefully indexed and cross-indexed for future reference and material thus amassed proved invaluable towards the autumn of 1932 when vital evidence reached Scotland Yard.

Every piece of previous information was then sifted and reinvestigated. Suspicious cases in which certain names had figured were brought to light again and scores of new statements were taken from people who had almost forgotten their former cause for complaint.

Detectives travelled all over the country in connection with this work and special attention was concentrated on faked fires which took place in 1923 and 1925.

The same end

For nearly two years Harris and his confederates were kept under close observation, even at theatres, dinner parties and weddings.

All the published reports about Capsoni being responsible for Harris' downfall are untrue. But for the tell-tale evidence, patiently collected over a long period of years in the manner we have described, Harris and his gang would now be free.

It says much for their cunning that it required the combined effort of forty detectives and private sleuths, and involved the collection of 400 signed statements, 100,000 documents, 700 exhibits and 210 witnesses, to bring them to book.

This same patient persistence will eventually spell the undoing of the arson gangs still at large.

Hurry up or you'll miss

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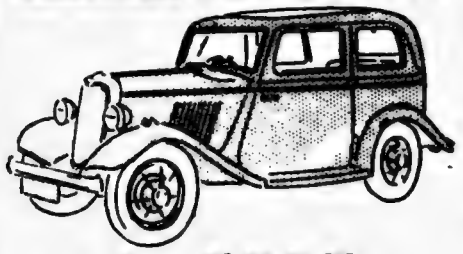
Hurry and win



A FREE SALOON CAR or some of the 250 unique prizes

Competition closes Sept. 30th

This is your last chance to win an 8 h.p. British-made saloon car value £120 or one of 250 other useful prizes. Make up an advertising slogan on "Veribest" Corned Beef not exceeding twelve words Write this on the back of a "Veribest" Corned Beef label, fill up coupon below, and forward to Armour & Co., Ltd., Armour House, London, E.C.1. If difficult to obtain, send 7d, when a No. 1 tin of "Veribest" Corned Beef, entry form, and recipe book will be sent, post free. You may send any number of slogans, providing each has a "Veribest" Corned Beef label attached.

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Armour's "Veribest" Corned Beef will slice thin and evenly and has the fat well distributed.

J.B. 2/9/33.

Name.....

Address.....

Remember Competition closes Sept. 30th, 1933.

A Ghostly "JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—51

MODERN treasure-hunting, which many people imagine to be an affair of plying picks and spades while the perspiration runs in rivers over the mosquito-bitten faces of chocolate-hued and blasphemous diggers in the shining coves of some coral-fringed pirate islet in the West Indies, can, as a matter of fact, be practised much nearer home.

Here, in old England, as my story shows, you may have all the thrilling romance, with the perspiration and even the mosquitoes thrown in, but without the risks of yellow fever, malaria, or the sudden hurricanes or whirling typhoons which make so hectic a part of treasure-seeking in the South China Sea or the Spanish Main.

In one of the really warm spells during the summer of 1932 I was staying at a pretty seaside place somewhere on the south coast of England, when, one morning, I was rung up on the telephone at my hotel

"I've been reading your new book about treasure-hunting all over the world," said a voice I did not recognise. "How would you like to join us in a hunt for a treasure hidden by the old monks in the days of Henry VIII?

"The place happens to be an old manor house, now a farm, but which used to be part of the old monastery. It doesn't lie very far away from this town, and you need not be away long."

I SAID it would suit me admirably, but added: "I don't recognise your voice, though you seem to know me."

"Oh, that's all right," answered a breezy voice. "You call here in the morning, at 8.30 sharp, and I can promise you, at least, an interesting day. Bring an old mac. with you, and, for goodness sake, leave your best 'posh' duds at home, or you'll regret it!"

He mentioned an address in what I knew to be a rather exclusive residential part of the town, where very pleasantly live a number of retired millionaires, and a few aged dowagers, connected with some distinguished naval families, famous in the days when the corvettes and frigates of Nelson and Hood braved the battle and the breeze.

It might surprise even a British Museum expert to know how many authentic relics of pirate-chasing days—old buccaneers' treasure-chests, swords and pistols of Blackbeard and the woman pirate, Anne Bonney—are to-day, in this same seaside resort, among the heirlooms of these old dowagers; but that is not part of my story.

AT the appointed time, next morning of a blazing day, which shimmered with heat and haze, I stood in the drawing-room of a fine old house, the walls of which—every inch of them—were covered with valuable miniatures and paintings of the schools of Lely, Reynolds and Lawrence.

My companion, a middle-aged gentleman with a most youthful air and boyish and genial laugh, was showing me the secret of the lock of an authentic Spanish Armada treasure-chest, with a pedigree, denoting its age.

Anyone expecting to find the keyhole in the neighbourhood of the massive padlocks and iron bands on the sides of the chest would be more baffled than the most tipsy man standing fumbling at his door on a dark night in a respectable suburb.

The keyhole is most artfully hidden on the top of the lid of the chest, right behind an ornament which forms part of the detail of the banding, but happens to be movable.

My friend was explaining some of the tricks of the old locksmiths of the days of Sir Francis Drake and the Dons of Old Spain when two other men, of middle-aged appearance, came into the room.

ONE of them felt in the pockets of a blue rain-coat and fished out a curving rod which looked like whalebone from an old Victorian corset.

"Wouldn't do to forget that," he said. "We should never find the stuff if that was left at home!"

My friend produced the familiar forked hazel wand, used by dowsers who hunt for hidden wells, springs, and buried metals.

"Dowsing takes it out of you," he said to me. "I find the 'influence' is stronger after I've had a good lunch, and I get better results from whalebone than from these hazel rods. Now look at this," he broke off.

He took a ball and pendulum from the table.

"At night I've actually seen a glow coming from that ball. Maybe it's some sort of radium emanation, but I can't say. See what happens when I place these two half-crowns under the ball."

The ball presently began to move, and the string quivered. The movement of the globe quickened, then it began to oscillate in a peculiar manner, though no hand was touching the device, nor was the least draught perceptible in the room on what, indeed, was a scorching day, with no air moving.

"For gold, as you will see, when I put this gold tiepin under the pendulum, the movement is different, and it circles round and round when a piece of iron lies under the ball."

It was as he said.

Next, he held the tines of his hazel rod between his thumb and fingers in a particular way. On the carpet was a hall-marked silver cigarette-case. The rod quivered and bent strongly downwards.

He assured me that neither will-power nor muscular tension produced the movement, which was really involuntary and exerted quite a considerable force when he tried to resist the movement.

I was invited to test the dowsing rod, but I had no effect on it, or it on me. He assured me that practice was necessary, but failed to convince me that I possessed the peculiar susceptibility.

"Here, collar hold of these," said my dowser friend. He thrust a pickaxe and spade, tools and a crowbar under my arms. The two other men were similarly equipped; "like gravediggers in a churchyard," said one of them with a grin.

"Come, talking enough, the car's waiting outside," said the dowser.

About an hour later we were winding along tortuous lanes, between high hedges, with glimpses of rolling downs over the tops of old elms. I made out the figure of a great white horse, with a man holding a bridle, cut out on the side of a beacon on the rolling downs.

At a turn of the lane one of my friends got out, opened a five-barred gate, and the car passed up a bridle road, till a turn hid us from sight of the lane, and we ran by an old barn.

I noted with interest that one wall of this tithe barn consisted of the lights and tracery of what was left of a fourteenth-century chapel. This, I thought, must be part of the monastery of which the dowsers spoke.

A WIDE gravel path cut through a grove of ancient yews, ingeniously clipped by some topiarian who had indulged a fancy for curiously shaped cocks' heads and the bodies of mastiffs. We crossed an old moat, now a fish-pond, where swans gracefully steered among the water-lilies, and even a kingfisher flashed like a living jewel among the willows.

The path ended in a wide sweep outside a massive oak door of an ancient-looking manor house, with rambling gables and tiers of curiously twisted chimneys of the red brick to which our Tudor ancestors of the days of Henry VII and Henry VIII were partial.

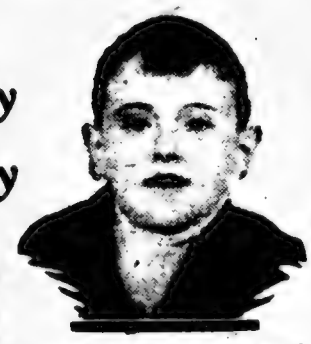
There was the rattle of a chain, and an old caretaker slowly drew back the door.

"Maister baint come yet," said he, touching his cap to my dowser friend, "but he's left me orders to show ye where ye want to do yer diggin'—hee! hee!" his apple-red cheeks oddly contrasting with his snow-white hair and wrinkled face.

"I assure ye," went on the ancient, grinning widely, "as ye ain't the first on this lay. Every h'inch of that gardin'

The "Greatest of These—" Fund.

Alfy's Unhappy Family



ALFY'S father served all through the war and was discharged with a gun-shot wound in his left arm and heart trouble, for which he receives a pension of 17s. 3d. per week.

Last Christmas, a worse affliction befell him, and he was taken to hospital with pulmonary tuberculosis. When he left the hospital he entered a sanatorium, and now he is at home. His sufferings, his wife says, are often acute, and he will probably have to go away again.

Alfy's mother has suffered for years with chronic asthma and bronchitis, and her life is not an enviable one. She has four children living. The eldest, a girl of fourteen, is to train as a children's nurse, for she loves babies, and the youngest is five-year-old Alfy.

Death has often visited her family, for she has had thirteen children, including two sets of twins, in her twenty-nine years of married life, and has lost nine.

At the most, she has to manage on 36s. 3d. a week, which includes a small allowance to procure special diet for her husband and her twelve-year-old son, who is suspected of being T.B. Well, it would be a hard struggle for a strong, healthy woman, and Alfy's mother, being frail and afflicted, finds it doubly hard. She is a good mother, and "her husband," states a missioner who has known him and his parents before him for over forty years, "has always been a very hard-working fellow till his illness."

Such is Alfy's family, and our readers will agree that they deserve to have their burden eased. To that end donations earmarked "Alfy," which, as well as subscriptions to the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

Treasure Hunt

"Two of us peeled off our coats, and, inserting the iron bars, prised up the rotten flooring"

...een dug over by treasure-hunters. ...d when old Squire H—— were a ... of this place. ...was in me feyther's time, when he ...n a whole gang o' hedgers an' ...rs, who dug up every inch of the ... and the ditches, and turned up ...e ground around and even inside ...here barn yonder. ...ey found what? Why, a rusty ...r two, a heap of old tiles, and a ... sixpence of King Charlie's time, ...hat had his yed chopped off. Them ...ragged up out o' that old fish-pond, ...used to pervide the fishes for the ...onks. ...t that old monk as still walks here, ...y say, though I never seen him, ...after the treasure—the coffer with ...bot's jewels and three gold candle- ...off the altar. ...e hears strange noises 'ere of a ...-my old 'ooman and me—up in ...llery which leads to the haunted ...er. It might be rats, or it might ... tapping of the trees on the win- ...anes. ...e feyther told me he saw a cowled ...walking on the path through the ...one night. . . . The moon shone ...through him, he said."

...E ancient, still chuckling, led us ...up an old oak staircase—every- ...thing in the place was massive ...nelt like the nave of a cathedral. ...owing open the diamond panes, we ...e sunshine and the fresh air come ...ough the old mullions. Two of us ... off our coats, and, inserting the ...ars, prised up the rotten flooring. ...n it was all hands to the picks. ...acked up a layer of bricks and ... about as hard as concrete. Then 2 ft. down, we struck the clay, and set to work with shovels and spades, while the accumulated dust of centuries rose like a sandstorm in the Sahara.

On top, the dowser exclaimed that his rod had thrust down so strongly that there must be a heap of metal below, "and the way that pendulum oscillates it can be nothing but gold and silver," he added excitedly.

Deeper went the hole.

One man stopped, with an exclamation. He bent down and picked up a dull, leaden-looking object, corroded with the rust of ages, and caked with concreted dirt.

Three minutes of rasping and swearing, and the object was revealed as an ancient silver coin, on which I could faintly discern the letters "JACO," and the outlines of a crowned head.

"Some treasure-hunter must have dropped this coin in the days of James I of England, or did it fall from some Caroline lady's girdle-purse, and vanish down a crack in the flooring?" queried one of the dowsers.

We were now 5 ft. down. A few bits of ancient tiling and a broken jar turned up in the hole. An hour must have gone by, when the hole was 8 ft. deep. A clock chimed three from a church tower on the other side of the wood beyond the farm.

"Any luck, boys?" called the dowser on top.

"No," we groaned, straightening our aching backs.

"Then come up quick, and look at this," he called down excitedly.

There was a throwing down of implements, and a hurried scramble to the top.

The dowser was shining an electric torch on to a spot in the shadows. Who had scrawled that message on the wall-frieze above the panelling?

"Ye Monke Still Walkes."

Was it some searcher in the long, long ago, or had it any connection with the old leathern gauntlet, the fingers of which had been half eaten away, which the dowser said he had picked up on the other side of the priest's hole, under the roof, while we had been digging and sweating like horses, or asses, in that panelled room, which by the way, is next to the room haunted by the old monk?

The old gaffer downstairs came up and asked me if I'd like a mug of cider. He saw me tapping a sloping wall at the back of a passage running under one of those roof-gables. It sounded hollow.

"That be the priest's hole, behind there. We found an old, very old piece of linen, like a rag-bag about 20 in. by 10 in. wide, in there, and maister reckons it must have held some lady's jewels in the days of Queen Elizabeth."

"I did not tell him anything about this old gauntlet, which I picked up before he came on the scene," said the dowser when the old man had gone.

WHILE the dowser was speaking, I had a vision of some burly Southdown farmer, of the days of Charles I, with a thick neck and a red face.

He had found his way into the hidden priest's hole, and had picked up and hastily emptied this linen bag full of the rings and jewels of some poor lady at whose tragic and romantic history we may guess. He threw the hedger's glove where my dowser friend was to find it, 300 years or more later!

We gave up the hunt for the abbot's lost treasures for that day, but have vowed to go back there again, in the near future, when we shall search the haunted room!

NEXT WEEK:—A thrilling story of a reader's rescue of an Egyptian girl in Alexandria.

SIDE-SLIPS

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"The auxiliary yawl yacht grounded early this morning in a dense FOG on Black Rock Ledge."

NEWRY TELEGRAPH:—"Another fireman, while walking on the ROOK at the front of the building . . ."

ROCHDALE TIMES:—"You can add a little oil of CLOTHES if you like."

HERTFORDSHIRE MERCURY:—"Miss —— sustained injuries to the right HEAD and leg."

MANSFIELD CHRONICLE:—"The newly-wedded pair received the felicitations of their many friends. The PRESIDENTS were numerous and useful."

JOHN O' GROAT'S JOURNAL:—"Good General Servant Wanted, experienced. Knowledge of PAIN cooking."

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EVENING NEWS:—"It was decided not to use the British battalion owing to the great HAT."

LOSTWITHIEL AND FOWEY GUARDIAN:—"When the yolks of eggs are not wanted for use, MAY them into a basinful of cold water."

With reference to a "Side-Slip" published in our issue of August 12—"Argyllshire Leader—Argyll and *Suffering* Highlanders," we have been informed by Mr. Alexander Ramsay, the Managing Editor, that those with war memories will recognise this description which members of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders applied to the Regiment.

We willingly give publicity to this statement.

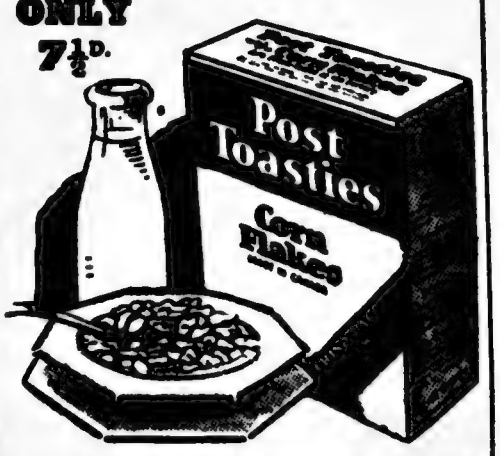
An A.B. from H.M.S. Fable Left breakfast untouched on the table.

Up spake the old Bosun POST TOASTIES for yo'son

The Cornflakes that make seamen able

It's grand to start the day with a cheerful bowlful of these crisp, flavoury flakes! So *good* and cool in milk or cream — or with luscious fruits. And there's energy in these toasted hearts of corn. *Quick* energy . . . to help you start the day feeling *bright!* Post Toasties for you for breakfast to-morrow.

ONLY 7½D.



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I AM 50
But My Friends Say I Look only 28

"Years slipped away from my face daily"

"I am fifty years of age yet there is not a soul who takes me for a day over thirty years; in fact many say twenty-eight. It seems wonderful because only a few months ago I looked an old woman. I used Crème Tokalon Rose Skinfood with great regularity, and after two weeks I could see the years slipping away from my face daily. My friends now are astonished. When they compliment me on my youthful looks I think to myself: 'Yet I know I am older than you all!'"

This amazing discovery which restores youth to the complexion was made by Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. He proved that lines and wrinkles are caused by a lack of biocel in the skin. After thousands of experiments, Prof. Dr. Stejskal has at last succeeded in obtaining this precious extract from carefully selected young animals.

"Biocel" is now contained in Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour, and combined with other highly nourishing ingredients. Try Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour to-day; lines and wrinkles disappear, an aged and faded skin is quickly rejuvenated. Successful results are guaranteed or money refunded.

CORNS

Stops pain in 1 MINUTE

Take no chances—use the one, safe, sure way that ends pain instantly, quickly removes corns and keeps you rid of them Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing protective pads remove the cause, prevent blisters, heal sore toes over-night. At all Dr Scholl's Depots, Chemists, and Shoe Dealers. per Pkt. 1/3

Don't cut corns and risk blood-poisoning. With more serious troubles consult a Dr. Scholl's Foot Expert free.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Dictator Parents-in-Law

A domestic upheaval—but how often it is the shadows between them, the shadows of parents-in-law, that are the real cause of the trouble!

ONE of my readers has just taken me to task. "You have written about all sorts of people," she writes, "men and their wives, children and parents, master and servant. But you have never said anything about that debatable relation, the mother-in-law."

And, looking over my records, I find she is right.

I wonder why I have not done so? It is not for want of material. Probably it is because I have had a little secret pity for the mother-in-law. After all, she is the object of a good deal of ridicule and abuse—music-halls parody her, comic songs feature her.

I must have thought that it would be a kindly act on my part to leave her in peace. But now the subject has been brought to my notice, I will make good the deficiency.

But, before doing so, certain questions arise. Why is the mother-in-law singled out for special notoriety? Why is she not linked with her male counterpart? Seldom is it that the father-in-law is brought into the picture. In the letters I shall quote I shall see that the parents-in-law are, as by the marriage vows, "joined together."

Now here is problem number one. It comes from a woman who tells me that she is twenty-nine years of age, and, though her husband's earnings are not very good, they have lived very happily together during their married life of five years. The letter goes on:—

"We have two little girls, one four years old and the other two, and I am expecting another baby quite soon. My sister, who is married and has no children, is very anxious to adopt our elder girl. I have thought the matter over very carefully and think it would be a good thing to let her go, as they are comfortably off and I know she would be dearly loved and cared for. But my husband's people are standing in the way. They say that I can't love my husband if I wish to part with his child, and they are influencing him.

"But all I am anxious for is my child's future good. We have to pinch and scrape as things are now, and when baby arrives the position will be even worse. It will be terribly hard to part with the elder girl, but I feel sure she will thank me later on. I should like to have your opinion of it all."

This is one of those cases in which the parents-in-law deserve some of the nasty things said about them.

THERE is one question I would like to put to them. They admit, of course, that my correspondent and her husband are not well off, that things are going to be even worse when the new baby comes. Well, if they object to the adoption of that child, are they willing to assist financially, so that the little girl can remain with her parents? If not, why should they condemn the mother's attitude?

Candidly, my sympathy is with my correspondent. She says it is going to be "terribly hard" to part with her child, but that she is only seeking her future good. That is motherhood at its best.

Besides, on practical grounds, there is much in favour of this proposed adoption. That little girl is not going to strangers, but to her own aunt, where she will enjoy real affection and the advantages of a good home.

My correspondent must make her husband see the truth of this. It would be folly to act without his approval. It would only lead to domestic bitterness.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
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AND here is another example of what appears to be unwarranted interference on the part of parents-in-law. This correspondent is also a girl, who says:—

"For three years I have been married to a splendid man, and we have a small son to whom we are both deeply devoted. Without any exaggeration, I am the happiest girl in the world. We are very ambitious but this is our present position.

"My husband has his own milk round in this town. But, as he finishes his day's work in the early afternoon, he wants something to do during the rest of the day. We thought of taking a small-holding fourteen miles away, which he would develop in addition to his present work.

"But his parents place all sorts of obstacles in the way. One of them is, I think, unfair, because it makes me the cause of the objection. You see, I was on the stage before I married, and they say the solitude of the country would drive me mad.

"My husband's parents have always put a damper on his desires. But I want to stand by him and help him all I can."

Now this is one of those difficulties that I am constantly up against. My correspondent says, "his parents place all sorts of obstacles in the way," but she only mentions one—they prophesy that she will be lonely in the country. We must, of course, accept her statement that this will not be so.

What the other obstacles are I am not told. I cannot form an opinion as to whether they are material or not. But if they have no substance, I think they should definitely be ignored.

Those parents have no right to "butt in" without just cause. I admire this fellow for his ambition. After all, that small-holding may be a distinct asset to him in his work. He may be able to milk his own cows instead of buying elsewhere. He may keep poultry and sell the eggs on his rounds. There are a dozen and one other things that he might attempt.

I admire the girl, too. She is certainly made of the right stuff. I advise this young couple, therefore, unless there is some good reason to the contrary, to go ahead with their plans.

Now one fact emerges from these problems—in each case the writer takes pains to assure me that she would be very happy except for the interference of her parents-in-law. My third correspondent starts her letter in this way:—

"My husband and I, with our baby, are very happy together. We were very young when we married, and, as my husband is in receipt of only a moderate salary, we live in two rooms that we have furnished. My father is seventy-six and a widower, and has only the old age pension, and so we contribute five shillings a week towards his lodgings.

"My husband's father and mother, on the other hand, live in a large double-fronted house of their own, and, in addition, they have a good deal of capital invested. Ever since we have been married my mother-in-law has insisted that we pay her ten shillings a week, saying that my husband cost her many hundreds for education, and that by marrying early he has not paid her back.

"Now these payments to our respective parents are crippling us. Not only are we unable to complete our home and save for our child's education, but often we find it very hard to make ends meet. I have tried to discuss the matter with my husband—but it is becoming a sore point between us. What would you advise me to do?"

I have a simple formula for a problem of this sort. Children are cared for by parents when they are too young to look after themselves, and those children, when they grow up, should do the same for their parents, if they are in need.

Take the case under review. The one parent is badly off and without that five shillings he might be unable to exist—except in the workhouse. That payment is, therefore, perfectly justifiable.

Not so the other one. The husband's parents do not need that ten shillings a week. It is simply that the mother wants repayment of the sums expended on her son's education. I suppose her argument is: If my son and his wife can help to keep her father, why shouldn't they repay us as well?

BUT that is pure greed. Let that woman look at it in this light. When her son was a child, would she deliberately have done anything to harm him? Yet that is what she is doing now. In what way, she may ask. First of all, by making him and his wife stint and scrape so that they have not enough to make ends meet, much less provide for any rainy day that may come along. By causing unpleasantness in what otherwise would be a happy home. For this seems to be the only "sore point" between the couple.

Unhesitatingly I support my correspondent. Her husband must point out to his parents that if they are ever in dire straits he will come to their aid. But his duty at the present time demands that he shall look after his wife and their child.

But, after all, we musn't condemn all mothers-in-law. They are really anxious for the welfare of their sons and daughters, and are apt to forget that they are grown up and not children still.

Being Barrie's First PETER PAN

To-day Nina Boucicault looks back thirty years to see herself as the first Peter Pan and "I cannot help feeling very proud," she says

A Greatest Hour by Nina Boucicault

IT is nearly thirty years since I lived my greatest hour—the occasion when, being Barrie's first Peter Pan, I played for the first time on any stage a part that was to make theatrical history, and, in doing so, addressed to the audience the now famous line: "Do you believe in fairies?"

The round after round of hand-clapping that question evoked left no doubt what the answer was. And what to me meant still more—it left no doubt that I had succeeded in making Peter Pan a real person, and made the big hit of my stage career.

Sir James Barrie himself, who had watched the performance, and all the rest of us concerned in its production were, of course, delighted at the first-night success. But that our new "Barrie Play" would become a fairy story told in every nursery, that it would be played year after year, that, in fact, a new classic had been born into English drama, not one of us, I think, ever dreamed.

And if anyone had told me that I, twenty-nine years later, at more than sixty years of age, would have the opportunity to live all over again that "greatest hour," I never would have believed them.

YET when "Peter Pan" was broadcast a few nights ago, it actually happened. You see, the microphone doesn't show white hair—and my voice, they tell me, does not give me away. So before the microphone I had the thrill of that wonderful first night all over again.

The triumph of that hour, when "Peter Pan" was performed for the first time, on December 27, 1904, at the Duke of York's Theatre, was intensified by the terrible struggle we had had to get the play produced in time.

I was not a little proud that Sir James Barrie had written "Peter Pan" with the definite idea that I should play the part. He had liked me in "Little Mary," an earlier play, and had paid me the compliment of choosing me for the part of Peter Pan.

As Christmas drew near, my brother, who was producing, began to get desperate. Everything that possibly could go wrong at those rehearsals seemed to go wrong. If it wasn't the lights, something went wrong with the scenery, and if both these were right together, then the music was wrong or somebody had forgotten their lines.

My part alone was colossal—as big, they told me, as Hamlet's. Would I ever get it right?

Christmas Day came. There was an early call for rehearsal. We worked like demons all day. Nobody remembered it was Christmas Day.

We rehearsed all Christmas night and went "home with the milk." A few hours' rest and back again we were at the theatre. We rehearsed all Boxing Day and all that night. When I arrived home in the early hours of the opening day, you can imagine how I felt. No sleep for two nights. We went to the theatre that day wondering if the play ever would be produced.

Sir Gerald du Maurier was playing the part of Captain Hook and also Mr. Darling. Hilda Trevelyan was Wendy, and Mrs. H. B. Irving was Mrs. Darling.

THOSE of you who have seen "Peter Pan" will remember that it ends with the scene among the tree-tops with Wendy come to do Peter's spring cleaning. This was the scene that was causing all the bother. Somehow the mechanical part of it could not be fixed. Finally, in desperation, the scene had to be cut right out. It was decided to end the play with the nursery scene. It had been running about a fortnight, I think, before the tree-tops scene could be put in.

At last the evening came. Somehow everything was ready. But how terrible I felt. And so much depended on me.

There was I an actress thirty-eight years old who had always played serious parts. This fairy story type of thing was entirely new to me. Could I put it over?

I was very small and slight: I weighed then just a little over six stone. The physical strain of the part alone was tremendous. In the fighting scene we used *real* cutlasses. And what a weight mine seemed to little me!

But somehow I toiled through to the part where Peter Pan asked those in the audience who believed in fairies to clap their hands. I knew that would show me whether I had failed or succeeded. And I dreaded to say the line.

When I did say it the reply was deafening. I knew in that moment I had not failed.

I knew that if I could do that with the grown-ups I would be all right with the children.

When the curtain went down at the end the people went wild with excitement. They stood up in their seats and clapped and shouted. There were calls to be taken, flowers everywhere, friends crowding round with congratulations. Sir James Barrie came round to the dressing-room to congratulate and thank me.

The one person who did not approve of me in the rôle was my own younger son, who was then four years old. The two boys were taken to see the play a few days later. Afterwards the elder was full of enthusiasm, but the younger said, "I didn't like that little brown boy much." "Didn't you, darling," I said. "Why?"

"'COS he was always ordering everybody about and telling them what to do." So that was that.

I played the part twice daily for four months. But it was too much for me. In the end I broke down and had to go away. And I never played it on the stage again.

Nowadays they are careful to have someone very young and boyish for the part. But when I remember that a woman of thirty-eight first brought Peter Pan to life, I cannot help feeling proud.

Do you wonder that I got a tremendous thrill when I re-lived my greatest hour again before the microphone the other day after twenty-nine years?

Mother Proved It!

"THE little more, and how much it is . . ."

A wise and understanding old saying. And true, too, as a Swallowcliffe, Salisbury, mother can prove.

Life was a big enough struggle in her little home before misfortune came along. And when, one day, they brought her news that her eight-years-old son had broken an arm while climbing trees in an orchard, the outlook seemed to be very black indeed.

There would be the many little things he would want lying in a hospital bed at Salisbury, things little invalids expect, no matter how affairs are at home, and which every mother insists on providing, no matter at what sacrifice to herself. And more especially seeing that the complications were so bad that three operations were necessary.

There were comforts he would want when she got him back home, the little contribution of gratitude to hospital funds, and so much beside.

If only there was something, somewhere, that would give the necessary help!

Well, because she had filled in a coupon—you will find its counterpart on page 30—there was just such assistance as she required waiting for her to apply for it, as there had been four years ago, when his brother broke a thigh. And before many days had passed, there it was, the money she had longed for so much.

And some more besides . . . "the little more and how much it is." It was termed a bonus, an increase of 10 per cent. in the amount payable in view of the fact that more than three months had elapsed since she filled in that form.

How much indeed—that little more!

Her boy had begged her: "You will come and see me, won't you?" when she first saw him in hospital. And she had said she would, although she wondered at the time where the money would come from to pay the fares twice a week.

The cost of those journeys would just about absorb that bonus!—a lesson, indeed, on how very much a little more can prove.

What to do
WHEN YOUR DOG GOES OFF HIS FOOD

YOUR dog cannot help being a nuisance to you just now by leaving many of the meals you carefully prepare for him. After the constant overheating he has endured throughout the summer, his blood is impure and is affecting his stomach and liver. Because his skin is non-porous, he cannot purify his blood by perspiring. You must help him NOW.

TO-DAY provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which purify the blood and soon bring a return to healthy appetite. And remember, the correct way to keep your dog healthy is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day for two consecutive days in each week. Don't fail your dog in this simple duty. Bob Martin's Condition Powders will keep your dog free from the common blood disorders, such as **loss of appetite, listlessness, continual scratching, sulky temper, loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. L.S.7

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.
Graves "FLIGHT" Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, bright parts Chromium Plated, full set of Accessories. Price Complete £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 5/2 now & 12 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for CATALOGUE Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile's Cycles
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Had Scalp Trouble for Three Years Healed by Cuticura

"My scalp started to itch and I kept scratching it to ease the irritation. I scratched it so much that it used to bleed and then hard, dry, scaly sore eruptions formed all over my head. My head was so sore that it was terrible to put a comb through my hair, and the irritation used to wake me up at night. My hair fell out in handfuls.

"I had this complaint for about three years. Eventually I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. Later I purchased more and after two weeks' treatment I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. C. Mander, 229 Victoria Dock Rd., Custom House, London, E. 16, Eng.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder for every member of the family.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

£750 Won in Crossword Competition No. 225

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following nineteen competitors, who share the £500 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £26 6s. 4d. will be sent:—

G. Apps, San Jose, De La Warr Rd., Bexhill.
A. Atkin, 14, Sanderson St., Bury, Lancs.
S. Bates, 215, St. John's Hill, London, S.W.
Miss J. Bull, 201, Dartford Rd., Dartford, Kent.
W. Carey, 22, Rippendon Rd., Oldham.
N. Clapham, 194, Holland Rd., London, W.
Mrs. L. Clifford, 14, Chapel Lane, Conisbro, Rotherham
J. P. Dunphy, Vine Cottage, Eastry, Kent.
W. H. Fowler, 44, Craven Avenue, London, W.
H. Freer, 20, Sycamore Place, New Earswick, York.
W. A. Hull, Clevelands, Winchester Rd., Countesthorpe, Leicester.
M. Macnurtain, The Square, Leixlip, Co. Kildare.
J. H. Pilgrim, Kenley, West Byfleet, Surrey.
T. M. Rice, 27, Milverton Street, Fairfield, Liverpool.
M. Smith, 72, Magdalen Street, Colchester.
K. Stocks, 138, Ecclesball Street, Clayton, Manchester
W. Walton, 50, Mohair St., Keighley, Yorks.
Mrs. E. Whitehead, 5, Coombe Gardens, New Malden, Surrey.
D. C. Wright, 128, Westfield Rd., Wellingborough.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 12th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 171 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 17s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 222.—Nineteen competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £5 5s. 4d. will be despatched accordingly.

Another greatly increased X-Word with a New Three-in-One Prize Offer appears on Page 22. Try your skill now!

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All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT—
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

A Lesson for the New Police College

Arrested! —on the WRONG CLUE

Detectives drag a canal for possible clues in a recent murder case

ONE of the subjects to be included in the curriculum of the new Police College, now in the process of formation, will be what one may term the Science of the Deductive Clue.

Clues, of course, play an important part in detective work, but the danger accompanying them is that one may draw an erroneous deduction from them, and thus follow a trail which may lead either to a loose end and an "unsolved" mystery, or to an innocent person and a consequent miscarriage of justice.

There are many of the latter cases to be found upon the records, and a case of the kind which jumps readily to the mind is the tragic one of Oscar Slater.

The clue here, it will be remembered, was a brooch, which was missing from the house in which the murdered woman, Miss Gilchrist, lived at Glasgow.

The police got to know that a brooch had been pawned by Slater, who had already left for America. The brooch was traced, but it proved to be Slater's own property, and had nothing to do with the murder.

Yet in spite of this fact the police went after Slater and brought him back. The only justification they could have had for such a proceeding was supposing the brooch was still missing and therefore *might* have been the right one. The rest of the tragedy was played out through the medium of evidence of personal identification—that prolific source of judicial error.

Dubious evidence

I suggest that the Police College be made the medium for rigorously reforming this very fallible detail of police procedure.

Then we have the deplorable case of the Parsee, George Edalji, who, though innocent, was sent to penal servitude for seven years in connection with what was known as the Staffordshire Cattle Maiming Case.

The clue in this instance was very dubious. It consisted primarily of some hairs found on a jacket belonging to the prisoner, which were said to be identical with the hairs on a piece of skin which had been cut from one of the maimed horses.

The prosecution put forward this evidence in spite of the fact that several persons swore positively that no such hairs were on the jacket when it was taken from the house where Edalji lived. The fact that the hairs might have got on to the jacket by accidentally coming into contact with the piece of skin was not allowed to be taken into consideration.

Of course wrong deductions do not all lead to miscarriages of justice, but only, as I have already pointed out, to "loose ends."

A most remarkable case—a classic of its kind—is one the details of which should be studied by the students of the Police College with as much care as they devote to the "exhibits" in the Black Museum, which will form part of their training. It occurred some years ago, and a mere outline of the case will be sufficient for our purpose.

One morning a woman was found murdered in a house a little way out of London. She was alone in the house at the time. She was lying in a bed at the back of the house, and had been strangled by burglars.

Nothing was missing from the house, and it became clear that the burglars had been alarmed by something and left hurriedly. On the floor was found a number of papers, which had been apparently dropped by one of the burglars in their hasty flight. One of the documents consisted of a passport, from which the police obtained the name and description of one of the men. He was a German.

Enquiries in the neighbourhood revealed the fact that two strange men had been seen hanging about the place the day before that on which the crime was committed. They had called at an inn, where they stayed for some considerable time. The landlord took particular notice of them.

Shortly after a man was arrested in London for a trivial offence—theft—who answered to the description contained in the passport. He was also a German.

by Hargrave L. Adam
the criminologist

Challenged as to the name he had given, he admitted that it was a false one, that in fact his name was the same as that contained in the passport. He even went further and admitted that the papers found in the house of the murder belonged to him. He was taken to the scene of the murder, where several people identified him as being one of the men seen hanging about the place.

Yet that man had had nothing to do with the murder!

Real crook escaped

While tramping to London he had been robbed by two tramps of the papers in question and a small sum of money on him. Probably these two tramps were the men afterwards seen at the inn, and were responsible for the murder, but they were never taken. The false clue, contained in the papers, which they may have left behind designedly, had enabled them to make a clean get-away.

Of course the police, from time to time, make wrong deductions from clues, particularly those which have to do with personal description or identification, in cases of which the public hear little or nothing.

For instance, a detective sergeant one day made a bad "bloomer" when, while looking for a much "wanted" ex-convict, grabbed a distinguished military officer, as he was coming out of a theatre with a woman friend, and hustled the two off to the station.

Explanations followed, evidence produced, and the serious error made manifest. Profuse apologies, from the Commissioner downwards, were immediately forthcoming. The sergeant suffered a reverse in the course of his promotion.

Yet another case, which painfully illustrates the peril which sometimes attends the acting upon clues supplied, occurred some time ago in the following circumstances.

A woman gave birth to two illegitimate children during a period of two years, both of which she put out to nurse. In other words she entrusted them to a "baby-farmer," agreeing to pay so much per week for their keep.

Subsequently the payments ceased, the mother disappeared, and the children were passed on to the Poor Law authorities, with whom they remained for some years, eventually costing the ratepayers a tidy sum.

Then one day the Guardians got a clue as to the whereabouts of, as they supposed, the defaulting mother. They promptly arrested her, charged her, and, though she protested her innocence, she was convicted and sent to prison for three months. In spite of petitions to the Home Office the unfortunate woman had to serve the full time.

Then the error was discovered when the real mother confessed.

Amazing coincidence

This brought to light the following remarkable chain of coincidences: Both women had come from the same district, both bore the same surname, both were about the same age, both had been at Barnardo's Home, both were domestic servants, both had been in service with families of the same name, and there was said to exist a striking resemblance between the two!

A clue increases tremendously in evidential value and dependability when taken in conjunction with other clues. For instance, if a "wanted" man was known to have red hair, a squint of the right eye, and was lame in the left leg, any one of these characteristics by itself would not be of much evidential value, but if all three were found present on the same individual it would present almost the certitude and infallibility of a finger-print.

There will be clues of all kinds for the students of the Police College to deal with, and they will do well to study them closely, for a successful detective, like a successful general, is the one who makes the fewest mistakes.

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Complete with (B.V.M.A.) valves. **750 COUPONS**

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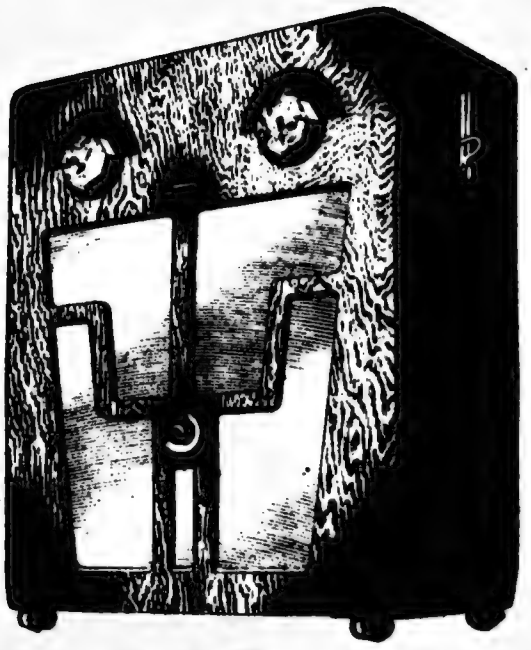

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Cross out set not required. **M.M.25. 2/9/33**

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HOW A SHEPHERD ENDED GASTRIC AGONY.

Hard is the life of a shepherd. Long hours of toiling, exposure to the worst of the weather, irregular meals—no wonder Mr. G. B. Shawyer, of Andover, contracted gastric stomach so severely that nothing brought relief till he tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Read his own graphic, unsolicited letter.

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"That was three months ago. Then I got a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. I could eat nothing and my work was too much for me. Being a shepherd I have a lot of rough weather to face, and I am 54 years of age—but I am a new man now in every way I still have a dose every morning and am going to keep on with it."

Your life may not be as hard as Mr. Shawyer's, but if you know the agony of indigestion, start on Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. Every doctor knows its formula and all the hospitals are getting amazing cures with it even in cases of gastric and duodenal ulcers

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Turn to Philips' announcement on the Front Cover of this issue for free particulars of the new Philips' Range of Receivers.

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan. A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

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To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxuliver Pills. Price 1/3.

The BEETLE that "PUTS the WIND UP"

WHEN an allotment-holder at Tilbury the other day was counting the potatoes on one of his roots, he noticed a yellow-and-black insect of a kind he had never seen before.

He was merely mildly surprised at the sight.

But a few hours later, after somebody had informed the Ministry of Agriculture, some of the biggest agricultural and entomological experts from London had gathered in that man's garden, and a solemn voice was warning all Britain over the wireless about his beetle.

The denizen of his garden was a Colorado beetle, the worst pest known to agriculture, which can devastate the crops of continents if once it can gain a thorough footing, and which has made bankrupt thousands of agricultural communities.

The Ministry of Agriculture has never dreaded foot-and-mouth disease, swine fever or the musk rat as it has the coming of this pest. It is working desperately, determined that this beetle shall not become a permanent guest here.

A tiny, wasp-like creature, it is something more than a pest. It is one of the major mysteries of civilisation, small though it may be.

IT is a mystery how it has been able to spread itself over a quarter of the world after having been content, for centuries, to live on one American hillside. A bigger mystery still is how this plague, moving slowly over the countryside at first, increases its stride year by year.

Whether it ever marches at this speed through Britain, as it did last year through France, and whether it ever deals out bankruptcy among farmers in this country as it has done in the last ten years throughout Normandy, depends on the success of the fight the Ministry of Agriculture is now waging.

The story of this beetle has been a romance of an undesirable kind from the very beginning.

Up to 1840 it was more or less confined to one range of hills in Colorado, where it lived on one particular kind of wild mountain growth only and refused to eat any other. Then, when civilisation reached its lonely haunts and uprooted the growths on which it subsisted, it was forced to turn elsewhere.

Little did those early pioneers know what an ill they were conferring on the world, their own country in particular, when they destroyed the mountain weeds that had satisfied the beetles till then.

Seeking some new vegetation, they picked on the potatoes planted by the newcomers as the nearest to that they had lost. Then they found more potatoes away over the path which these pioneers had trod.

Moving slowing at first, the beetle crossed the Mississippi in Illinois. Each year moving faster than in the previous twelve months, it passed through Ohio. And at length its ever-quickening progress brought it to the Atlantic seaboard.

Above—"a little yellow and black insect, one of the major mysteries of civilisation"—a greatly enlarged photograph of the Colorado beetle. Below is a French Ministry of Agriculture expert with a flame-thrower, which is being used in the fight against the pest

So alarmed was the whole world when its conquest of the farms of America was complete in 1875, that Britain, Germany, Belgium, Spain, France, Russia, Italy, Hungary, Austria, Portugal and Sweden all decided, within fifteen months, to stop the importation of American potatoes, and even to this day the majority of those countries, Britain included, will not allow an American potato to be landed on their shores.

The loss to United States agriculture might almost be talked of in hundreds of millions, over all those years.

For more than fifty years the world has been on the defensive against the beetle, and only at the cost of many tremendous fights has its complete victory been stemmed.

CANADA was one of the first countries to succumb to it. To-day, not a single Canadian potato comes to Britain.

Forty years ago it made its appearance at Hamburg. No more drastic war against a pest has ever been carried out than that which resulted. Vast areas of crops were destroyed. Whole areas of Germany were isolated. And so the menace disappeared.

Then in 1901 it reappeared—in England. At Tilbury, at that. It is one of the tasks of the British experts to find out why, on the present as on the former occasion, its appearance in this country should be at the same spot.

It was only because of the drastic and lightning action that followed its coming in 1901 that it was wiped out.

France was next, and she was not so fortunate. The American troops brought it over with them, and the potato trade of France has been crippled ever since.

It is said that the farmer on whose small estate it first appeared noticed it at a time when an expenditure of a hundred pounds of government money would have cleared it out of the country. But he was too afraid that the Government's repressive measures would ruin him, and so he kept silent.

It spread only a few hundreds of yards the first year, so he still said nothing. Next year it spread over five times as large an area, and the truth came out.

It was too late to do anything by now. It had to go on, sweeping northwards through France, destroying the potato crop as it moved and inflicting permanent poverty on thousands.

Then began that ever-accelerating progress that had been noticed in its movement through America in the last century.

BY 1923 it was moving over a few more miles of France each year, and four Departments were affected. By 1930 it was moving scores of miles each potato season, and twenty-six Departments were affected. By 1930 it had traversed 300 miles of French countryside, and then, in one year, this distance was doubled.

Britain banned the entry of all French potatoes, a ban that still continues. Jersey issued an order that no produce of the soil of any kind should be allowed in from France. A dead hand spread across the north of France, closing farms and throwing whole communities out of work.

Early this year, when it had reached the English Channel, we were so alarmed about it that, among other things, the order was issued that inspectors would be allowed to visit even the laboratories where the Colorado beetle was kept "for study, experiment or hobby."

And now we, too, are faced with the peril Where will it lead us?

It may be that only a few hundreds of square yards of land are affected, in which case, so slow is the pest's early progress, we shall be able to cope with it. Or it may have reached a still later stage of progress, which always appears to resemble that of a forest fire.

In that case there is a long fight ahead.

Race with "Silver Ring"

LESSONS of the TRIALS

A NUMBER of readers have asked my opinion of the recent St. Leger trials.

I saw Statesman, the JOHN BULL selection for the Hyperion Stakes at Hurst Park, win with ridiculous ease. Unfortunately, Duller's colt is not in the last classic race of the season, but his display rules out the horses he beat.

Stockton's St. Leger trial, in which Light Sussex, receiving 7 lb., beat Scarlet Tiger by a head, cannot be dismissed in summary fashion Several shrewd judges considered that Light Sussex had shown the better stamina. I formed the opinion that the "Tiger" would turn the tables, with weights level, at Doncaster, but I am not sure that the form is sufficiently good to win the St. Leger.

Scarlet Tiger has gone out from 4 to 1 to only 6 to 1 as a result of his defeat, which shows that the layers are not taking any chances. Now that we have Mr. Lambton's assurance that Hyperion could not be doing better I do not see what is to beat the Derby winner.

An easy winner round Chester's turn (going, if anything, soft); a runaway winner in the Derby (good going); a ready winner at Ascot (going hard)—everything seems to come alike to Hyperion. It is worth noting that, at Ascot, he gave Interlace 7 lb., Foxbridge 16 lb., Belfry 16 lb., Shamsuddin 16 lb., and Tavern 16 lb. The race was over a mile and five furlongs.

For the first Nursery of the season, the Palatine, at Manchester, I suggest Farmer Giles; if absent, Manhu Overall, Red Queen, and Celebrant may be good winners at Windsor.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 31, to Wednesday, September 6.

O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

93989694WZKJ94 would read INTERLACE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. DKYW94298 would read MAUREEN.

Burning feet!

So tired, so painful! Oh, to put them into a hot footbath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube in it. Soothing water easing away their pain, cooling and comforting, giving them new life. What a relief!

PINE
LILY OF THE VALLEY
VERBENA
ESSENCE OF FLOWERS
LAVENDER

Reckitt's

* *2d. each, and in cartons of 3 cubes for 6d. or 6 for 1/-*

BATH CUBES

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

"Back to the old favourite!"

"Yes, you can depend on the freshness of Bondman!"

Open a tin of Bondman Tobacco where you will and when you will . . . you will enjoy the cool fragrance, fine flavour and rich aroma of perfectly matured tobacco. Bondman is always in condition because each 1-oz. Tin is Vacuum sealed. Smoke a FRESH tobacco—smoke Bondman and be kind to your throat.

11½d PER OZ. *RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA*

10d PER OZ. *A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS*

LLOYDS'
BONDMAN TOBACCO
SEALED IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Mr. WISE says:

"the proof is in the test"

Be Wise—Euthymolise

Once you have tried Euthymol, the scientific dentifrice, you will know that you have chosen wisely. Its clean, refreshing flavour makes the toilet of the teeth a morning and evening pleasure and the pearly whiteness of the teeth which results is well worth the little effort.

Send the coupon for a trial sample and test Euthymol for yourself without delay. Then buy the large 1s. 3d. tube with the spring cap from all chemists.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

KILLS DENTAL DECAY GERMS IN 20 SECONDS

To Dept 67/A4, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.
Please send me a free sample of Euthymol.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Amazing Medical Discovery!

ASTHMA

CATARRH
HAY FEVER · BRONCHITIS
completely banished by the wonderful

DR SINGHA INDIAN REMEDIES

Mrs. H., Ashton-u-Lyne, writes: "My husband can never forget your wonderful remedy. Just two bottles have made all the difference in him. I had been up with him night and day for months at a time and have had him at death's door many times this last 7 years. Your tablets are a Godsend."

The above is typical of thousands of letters received testifying to the extraordinary efficacy of an Indian Doctor's remedy for Asthma, and also his equally good treatment for Catarrh. A British Missionary has arranged for the marketing of this discovery for the benefit of all sufferers, who are speedily freed from the dread of agonised nights and days by these amazing remedies.

SEND FOR TRIAL SUPPLY.

End those sudden attacks and breathe easily again without dread of sleepless nights. Banish the coughing and get rid of the lung poisons that cause the trouble. Be ready for the next attack by sending to-day to Dept. J.B.4, Dr. Singha Asthma Cure Co., Caernarvon, enclosing 3d. stamps to cover packing, and you will receive by return a trial sample of ASTHMA TABLETS, together with a book which is a COMPLETE TREATISE ON THE MALADY BY DR. SINGHA.

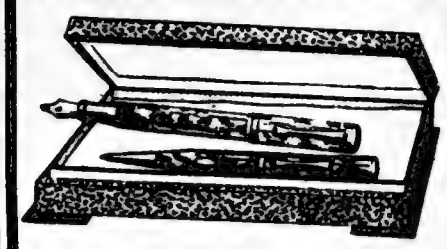
FREE TO CATARRH SUFFERERS.

The Dr. Singha (Brand) Catarrh Cure is just as good as the Dr. Singha (Brand) Asthma Remedy. Brings relief in all cases of CATARRH, HAY FEVER and HEAD COLDS. Test this treatment FREE and be rid for ever of these annoying maladies. Write to-day to the above address for trial sample of CATARRH CURE, enclosing 3d. in stamps, and we will send at once a generous free supply, together with a detailed treatise on the CAUSE AND CURE OF CATARRH.

SEND NOW FOR FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

The 'Big Two'

WRITING SET—FREE



The Beautiful Writing Set illustrated here is FREE to Clients using the

"CHALLENGER" FOOTBALL LISTS

The most Sporting and Comprehensive Lists published. Fixed Price and Long Odds Totalisator.

The Writing Set consists of a beautiful Fountain Pen, 6 in. long, with latest instantaneous stuff-filling action, and Pencil to match, in a satin-lined presentation case.

A HANDSOME AND USEFUL GIFT

RACING.—Starting Price Commissions by letter accepted up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. No Limit—win or place. Winnings by return. Send for Long Odds Price Lists on the St. Leger, Cesarewitch, and Cambridgeshire.

TO.....CUT ON THIS LINE.....

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. 227 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2

Please send me coloured illustrations and full particulars of your Free Offer of the "Big Two" Writing Set. J.B.

Name_____

Address_____

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

When I Turned the Other Cheek

I HAD a friend who seemed to be as true as steel until one day she robbed me of my lover. I thought I could never trust anyone after that experience.

But when I saw her, some time after, looking sad and lonely, I went to her and comforted her. It was a terribly difficult thing to do, but the joy I had was worth it.

Revenge, they say, is very sweet, but forgiveness is far sweeter!—*Mabel, Midlands.*

Worth Waiting For

On demobilisation, I accepted a position with my old firm with the manager's promise of early advancement. After four years of hard work, the inauguration of a new section brought me my chance.

Then an outsider the manager's son-in-law was placed in charge. "Turning the other cheek" was painful, but I even managed to find it possible to assist the stranger in his work.

My reward came soon in a promotion which nearly doubled my salary and placed me much higher on the ladder than the new man.—*E. S. P., Newport.*

Cure for Sulks

Shortly after I was married my husband became subject to sulky moods, which often lasted several days. The climax came when a week passed in this way, and I decided to cure him—by kindness.

Knowing he wanted a tobacco pouch, I bought him one and some tobacco. These I put on the table, labelling them "For a good boy." Then I went out.

On my return, I found, instead of a surly husband, a repentant one, who declared that my action had hurt him far more than the bitterest reproaches.—*E. G., Bournemouth.*

Virtue of Silence

Many years ago I was talking to a friend, an artist, who is blessed—or perhaps cursed—with the artistic temperament. Some quite innocent remark of mine caused him to lose his temper, and the cruel things he said about me during the next few minutes cut me to the quick.

However realising that his nerves were on edge, I made no reply and I am eternally thankful I did not, for the next morning he came and humbly apologised.

Had I "stuck up for myself" I should have lost a life-long friend.—*C. R., Bradford.*

His Secret

Some year ago one of my pals with whom I worked had a weak heart. He was not aware of this, but his mother had told me and asked me to look after him and help him, but on no account to tell him.

Trade was not too good at the time, and we never knew when we would get stopped. One day, when he was about to lift a heavy parcel which I knew might be fatal to him, I took it off him and lifted it myself.

A little later the same thing happened, whereupon he turned on me and said, "You dirty ——, I know your game; you're trying to take my job off me"—at the same time striking me in the face. When I tell you that there were crowds of workmates around (none of whom knew of his affliction) it can be imagined that it took me all my time to turn the other cheek.—*R. N. N., Salford.*

The Penitent

I once took several boys to camp for a week, and during this time I missed some money from my tent.

Months later I was to run another

"Tearful and repentant"

camp with the same boys, but one of them stated that he was unable to afford to come. I offered to pay his share myself, and imagine my surprise when, after we had been away three days, this same boy came to me one evening in tears, and told me that he was the boy who had robbed me previously.

I had unconsciously "turned the other cheek," and this was the happy result.—"*Leader.*"

On Being Amiable

Years ago my only "pal" fell in love with the girl I was engaged to marry. They were married and, two years later, he lost his job.

I persuaded my employer to offer him a post, which he has retained to this day. When by accident, he heard that the job had been offered to him at my request, he said that I had always been "an amiable old ass."

But the little note of heartfelt thanks I received from his wife is sufficient recompense for thus "turning the other cheek!"—*G. R., Blackpool.*

"Cheek" Won

It was holiday time in glorious Devon on a perfect harvest moonlight night with the girl who, twenty-five years ago, was to become my wife.

I kissed her, and had a resounding slap for my pains. I thought it was worth the punishment and repeated the offence. The other cheek was offered, but my "cheek" won in the end.—*L. B. W., Hounslow.*

Tact Did It

Some time ago, on a Glasgow tramcar, a workman entered the top deck and occupied the seat beside me. He was somewhat the worse for drink, and he jostled me in settling down.

This I ignored, but when he began crushing me against the wall of the car I felt like resenting his conduct.

However I tried "turning the other cheek." I rose and asked him if he would like my seat.

He refused gruffly, but after a while he offered me a cigarette.

Before I rose to go we were discussing the prospects of a football match advertised on the car.—*G. B., Glasgow.*

Patience Paid

A travelling salesman, I entered a shop one day to display my wares.

No sooner had I placed my case on the counter and opened it than the proprietor with one sweep of the hand sent case and contents flying to the floor. Fortunately I kept my temper, and asked leave to pack my samples before departing.

In thus "turning the other cheek" I excited the curiosity of the shopkeeper as regards my wares, and eventually I secured a nice order. We have been firm friends ever since.—"*Salesman,*" *Belfast.*

Good for Evil

She came to work in our department and very soon she was "cock o' the walk."

At all the girls, but particularly me, she fired her invective, her biting sarcasm. I never retaliated.

One morning she was missing. I made enquiries, went to see her, nursed her, paid the rent of her room, and never once referred to her conduct towards me.

The result is that to-day she is a teacher in the same Sunday-school as myself—and she'd eat out of my hand.—*F. C., Sherwood.*

* * *

A man of my acquaintance defrauded my father of money, and I was so incensed that I made a resolution to find him and bring him to justice. When I caught him, however, I found him in such desperate straits that I not only forgave him but helped him get a job, for which service he has proved truly grateful.—*C. H., Landaff.*

OUR EXPERT'S SELECTIONS

For matches played on September 2

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Tottenham v Aston Villa.
(2) LEICESTER v. Manchester City.
*(3) W. B. ALBION v. Middlesbro.
(4) CHELSEA v. Wolverhampton.
(5) Birmingham v. Everton.
(6) DERBY v. Blackburn.
(7) LEEDS v. Newcastle.
(8) LIVERPOOL v. Sheffield U.
(9) PORTSMOUTH v. Huddersfield.
(10) WEDNESDAY v. Arsenal.
*(11) SUNDERLAND v. Stoke.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) BURNLEY v Forest.
(2) OLDHAM v. Grimsby.
(3) PRESTON v. Bradford.
(4) Bolton v Plymouth
(5) BRADFORD C. v. Blackpool.
(6) Brentford v. WEST HAM.
*(7) MANCHESTER U. v. Lincoln.
(8) MILLWALL v. Bury.
(9) Notts County v. Fulham.
(10) PORT VALE v. Southampton.
(11) SWANSEA v. Hull City.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Swindon v NORWICH.
**(2) LUTON v Torquay.
(3) GILLINGHAM v. Reading.
*(4) EXETER v. Watford.
*(5) ALDERSHOT v. Q. P. Rangers.
(6) BOSCOMBE v. Northampton.
**(7) BRIGHTON v. Newport.
*(8) BRISTOL R. v. Southend.
(9) CARDIFF v. Charlton.
(10) Clapton Orient v. Bristol C.
(11) C PALACE v. Coventry.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) WREXHAM v Mansfield.
(2) HARTLEPOOLS v. York
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Chesterfield.
(4) CREWE v. Carlisle.
(5) DARLINGTON v. Tranmere.
*(6) GATESHEAD v. Rochdale.
(7) Halifax v. Stockport.
(8) New Brighton v. Barrow.
(9) Rotherham v. DONCASTER.
(10) SOUTHPORT v. Barnsley.
(11) WALSALL v. Chester.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Third Lanark v. ABERDEEN.
(2) Airdrie v. St. Johnstone.
(3) Hibernian v. Kilmarnock.
(4) Ayr United v. HAMILTON.
**(5) CELTIC v. Hearts.
(6) COWDENBEATH v. Clyde.
**(7) DUNDEE v. Queen of South.
(8) MOTHERWELL v. Rangers.
(9) PARTICK v. Falkirk.
(10) ST. MIRREN v. Queen's Park.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*): Div. II.—6 (*A*): Southern Section—7 (*H*): Northern Section—1 (*H*): Scottish League—5 (*H*) would indicate W. B. Albion, West Ham, Brighton, Wrexham and Celtic.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93 Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, September 5.

Life's Most Baffling Question

There's a polished home in every tin

Polish your floors with "Mansion" and see what a pleasing brightness its mirror-like finish imparts to the home. So quick and easy to use, this concentrated wax Polish enriches the colour and reveals all the beauty of grain in Stained or Parquet Floors. "Mansion" also gives a hard, bright finish that protects the surface and lengthens the life of Linoleum.

MANSION POLISH

In tins, 6d., 10½d. and 1/8. Large household tin containing 2 lb. net, 3/-.

FOR DARK WOOD USE DARK MANSION.

Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, W.4

Player's Please

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · 100's BOXES 4/8d · FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6 NCC 1738

SHOOT for this Greatly Increased X-word Prize!

BIG EXTRA PRIZE OF PYE 27-GUINEA RADIO GRAMOPHONE

for First Prize-winner if chief award is won outright. Should First Prize be shared, the Radio Gramophone will be won by the sharer whose solution adjoining winning square is nearest correct.

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO COUPONS IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

SEASON TICKET BONUS for all readers, representing the "John Bull" Crossword Competition, 26 Competitions, 26 Crossword Puzzles, weekly entry forms, Unit Bulletin, registration coupon, Rules, page. VALUE £2

LIGHTNING RESULTS All chief winners are notified only eight days after closing date.

FIVE times in the last eight weeks have our great 3-in-1 Prizes been won outright.

Who will be the first entrant to win one of the wonderful new series of much bigger 3-in-1 Prizes which are now offered?

In no other contest can you compete for such an attractive award as a Life Pension of 25s. weekly, a cheque for £250 and a £25 reminder of success every year on your birthday. In addition, the winner will receive an extra 27-Guinea award of a splendid All-mains or Battery "Pye" Radio Gramophone.

The puzzle below is one of the JOHN BULL Common-sense Crosswords which have now become famous and the entertaining Clues will grip you until the squares are completed.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 25/- a week, a Birthday Cheque yearly of £25 and £250 cash (or a lump sum of £600 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those Competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 14, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 21, 1933.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 228—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1933.

JB228

JB228

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 228—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 7, 1933.

JB228

JB228

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value..... No..... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

CLUES ACROSS

1. A sword
5. He sells socks
9. Places where vegetables are grown
10. Fido's taken out on this
11. At liberty
14. Resembles a butterfly
16. Well-known wine
20. Part of the verb "to be"
21. Web footed sea-bird
22. Mother is, early in morning
24. What cloth does when rubbed
26. Series of years
27. Belonging to it
28. They give shelter from shells
33. Careful picnicker puts them into litter bin.
35. Served in the afternoon
37. Mother Hubbard's cupboard was
38. A dandy
39. Foot is often put down on these
40. "Stout fellow" often describes him

CLUES DOWN

1. Often catch the seaside tripper
2. A kind of beer
3. Often helps woodman to clear land
4. Don't spare this and spoil the child
5. Lives are often saved by
6. First number
7. Stalk of a plant
8. Seen at many a breakfast table
12. Sometimes leads to breaking the peace
13. Is not easy to get when you're hard up
15. A cereal
17. What huntsman may get in the chase
18. A beam of light
19. Many a poor mother has to do this for the family
23. Getting this worries worker
24. Bad boy is often caught in one
25. On land
29. Are often taken by indigestion victims
30. Very warm
31. Sometimes gets licked and put in corner
32. Enclosed space
33. Automobile
34. May cause injury to your foot
36. Common tree

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 7, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Sept. 21, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, October 3, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

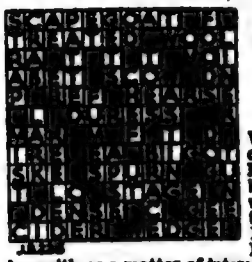
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ENTRY FEE With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 228, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2 (Comp.).



JA226

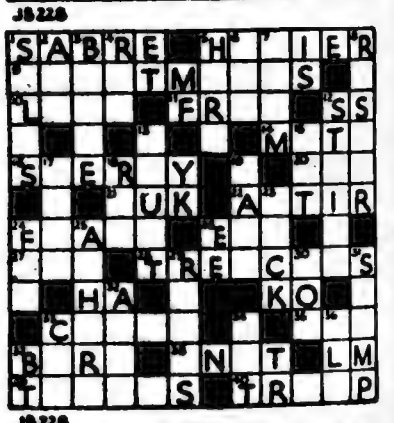
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 226.

Winners in 22S on page 32. Result of 228 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 226 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

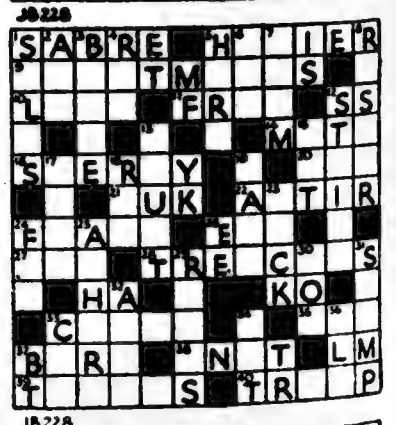
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

JB228



JB228



JB228

JB228

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Mrs. F. P. (Coventry).—"I recently gave a lecture on the human hair." Did you find it on your husband's shoulder?

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

H. R. (Northaw).—"When I don't know a thing, I say 'I don't know it.'" Doesn't it become monotonous?

HISTORIAN (Peterhead).—"Will this be remembered as the Hiking Age?" Or, perhaps, the "Roamin' Era."

IRRITABLE (Largs).—"I often lose my temper, but I don't see anything very terrible in that." No; the real trouble is that you always find it again.

D. M. (Goole).—"After a holiday, a man has to go back to collars." And home ties.

R. C. (Manchester).—"I hate owing money I can't pay." Most people hate paying money they can owe.

POET (Bloomsbury).—"A poet's work is a reflection of his mind." So you are one of those writers of blank verse.

LILY (Swansea).—"My fiancé is a doctor." We suppose you have stopped eating that apple a day.

V. L. (Leith).—"A man accepts a girl at her own valuation." If her figure is a reasonable one.

W. A. (Manchester).—"The more clothes a man wears, the healthier he is." What a thin time doctors would have if all their patients were taxi-drivers!

D. S. (Rotherham.)—"I never chew my words when I am arguing with anyone." Probably that's why it's so hard when you have to swallow them later on.

CORNET (Crystal Palace).—"After hearing my rendering of the solo, the adjudicator said I should go far." And not come back?

V. F. (Douglas).—"The sea loses thousands of tons of water daily." This is due mostly to evaporation, and not to the fact that so many people swim with their mouths open.

CAR DRIVER (Maida Vale).—"A motor journal says it is essential that everything on a car should be tight." But perhaps it was not meant to include drivers.

HIKER (Dover).—"I arrived here with my wife, hot and tired, at the end of a day's march with a tent on my back, and where do you think I pitched it?" Over the cliffs?

A. T. C. (Hammersmith).—"A London woman has been visited by her brother after an absence of fifty years." Has she recently acquired a cottage at the seaside?

H. S. (Epsom).—"Furthermore, there are no flies on me." Only cobwebs.

EX-CAPTAIN (Royston).—"I am now a taxi-driver." Back to the ranks? Good luck!

L. P. (Barking).—"Why are famous people buried in Westminster Abbey?" Because they are dead.

T. P. (Exeter).—"What should the best man at a marriage wear?" A look of compassion.

F. W. (Skegness).—"The prodigal son no longer gets the fatted calf." No, he gets the boot.

J. M. (Southampton).—"I have just returned from America." You're lucky.

L. T. (Dewsbury).—"What do you think is the most patient occupation?" Waiting.

R. T. (Barnet).—"Have you noticed how a baby brightens the home?" More electric light is certainly used.

S. B. (Madingley).—"A boxer was seen to weep in the ring." Perhaps his second had spoken crossly to him.

M. L. (Marylebone).—"Why do dogs howl at music?" Possibly because they have the courage of their convictions.

T. T. (Clapton).—"If you don't want drink to get the best of you, you must get the best of drink." Yes, but where?

ERNIE:

by

Jane Noël

and

R. J. Bailey

MOTHER (Portsmouth).—"For the life of me I cannot understand why so many young couples are so mad on eloping." Nor will the young couples a little later.

P. P. (Balham).—"I am not taking a holiday this year on account of an urge to stay in London and study the amenities of the city." That's a long-winded way of saying you're broke.

F. B. (Willesden).—"A woman in Court said that every time she tried to speak to her husband he turned on the loudspeaker." We knew that ultimately a good use would be found for them.

E. L. (East Ham).—"Other people seldom mention our virtues." The best way of hearing what a noble character you are is to commit a crime and hear your lawyer telling the jury your virtues.

S. T. (Frome).—"The case was a hopeless one." A dozen empties?

T. M. (Hastings).—"If the enclosed is hopeless, please say so." So.

S. E. (Ripon).—"What disease most afflicts men over forty?" Golf.

G. D. (Hendon).—"My grandfather fought in the Mutiny." Indian or Dartmoor?

N. A. S. (Denmark Hill).—"A great deal of London's charm lies in its thousands of shops." "Counter" attractions.

STUDENT (Kilburn).—"I am absorbed in the study of banking." The subject is full of interest.

T. H. (Brixton).—"Having a child in the house would get me down." Rather it would get you up.

R. M. (Exeter).—"I would like to start work in your office." Too late. It began years ago.

FRED (Coventry).—"A man is judged by the company he keeps." A woman by the company she keeps guessing.

FLAPPER (Brighton).—"I weigh 8 st. 6 lb." Or 8 st. 5 lb. 15 oz. without your clothes.

MOTHER (Warwick).—"The children are always quiet when their father is at home." Being shy with strangers.

S. V. (Middlesbrough).—"I started at the bottom forty years ago." And when are you going to move up one?

R. T. (Briton Ferry).—"A new type of camera has very peculiar features." And will probably take some, too.

A. M. (Paddington).—"What voice does a husband get in furnishing the home?" The invoice.

F. M. (Manchester).—"What will Hitler ban next?" Lovebirds—because they look like Jewish canaries.

R. L. (Wembley).—"Soon I will know again the agony of being pursued by a pack of bloodthirsty creatures." So you are a football referee.

SHEPHERD (Banff).—"I can tell at a glance the number of sheep in a flock." Then what do you do if you cannot sleep at night?

J. K. (Harlesden).—"I put some money in a going concern and lost it." Of course you didn't know it was going the way it did.

SPORT (Cambridge).—"There will be many attempts to break the new mile record." We fancy we saw a beekeeper trying to do it recently.

R. M. (Barnsley).—"A married man who seeks other feminine company treads on dangerous grounds." Usually grounds for divorce.

JACK M. (Ely).—"Nothing is impossible." Try to read a doctor's prescription written in Chinese with a post-office pen.

G. J. B. (Mayfair).—"A London firm of hatters claims to have made the smallest hat in the world for a customer." We know which Cabinet Minister that wasn't.

C. M. (Holloway).—"A mysterious fire broke out in a London pillar-box." The blaze is thought to have been caused by the spontaneous combustion of a warmly-worded letter to an income-tax collector.

T. M. (West Ealing).—"There's not much money in conjuring these days." Isn't there? What about turning a coupon from page 31 into a £2 weekly Life Pension, £1,000 cash, a £50 Yearly Birthday Cheque and a £52 10s. Radio Gramophone?

D. M. (Sutton).—"A man was fined in North London because bricks dropped from his lorry on to the pavement." How can a reformed smash-and-grab raider be expected to go straight if his path is thus beset by temptation?

F. M. (Morden).—"Women can successfully back out of most things." But not out of garages.

G. L. (Frome).—"If you marry the right woman, there's nothing like it." If you marry the wrong woman, there's nothing like it, too.

TRAVELLER (London, E.C.).—"I haven't much time for meals, and often have a bite at the wheel of my car." That's tough, isn't it?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

KIDNEY WEAKNESS

CAUSES BODY PAINS

Are you one of the host of victims of Kidney Trouble and do not know it?

Your back aches, feels like breaking, agonising rheumatic twinges seem to scorch the muscles, blood becomes sluggish, swollen joints tell of uric acid troubles, headaches, bad nights—yes, these should tell you your kidneys are just "letting you down."

De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially compounded to remedy this condition. For nearly fifty years they have been sold as a specific for kidney troubles.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

In 24 hours from the first dose you can tell these pills are starting their healing work, and if you will only take them regularly for a little while you can say "good-bye" to dangerous kidney trouble and all the misery it causes. De Witts Pills make weak kidneys strong.

DE WITTS BRAND **Kidney and Bladder PILLS**

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/-, or the larger, more economical size, price 5/-.

De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion— 1/6 of All Chemists.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Complete New Growth

Nr. Nuneaton.

I had no hair on my head at all, not a single hair. At the General Hospital they said I should never have another hair as long as I lived. A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this.

I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap and used them for a few minutes every day. **The new hair soon began to grow,** and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say. I now have a **complete new growth of hair in natural colour** after having been perfectly bald. **James Bindley.**

SAMPLE OFFER. Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair. For dandruff, weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS. **You may obtain a testing package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP by sending threepence in stamps to J. N. Brittain, Ltd., 9, Percy Street (52.WT), London, W.1.**

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

5/- PER HOUR FOR YOUR SPARE TIME!

Anyone—anywhere—can earn 5/- per hour in their spare time easily and quickly. Our Agents make it—our records prove it. Absolutely no outlay and no experience. We guarantee success. Don't miss this opportunity—it means big money for you! As an advertisement—Free Gift Coupons value £1 will be sent to all who write for particulars of this proposition.

Write: Dept. J.B., SANTON MFG. CO., Derby Street, MANCHESTER.

SEND FOR 40% FREE GIFT COUPON.

Post this Advert

PERILS!

ANOTHER week's washing nearly done . . . then suddenly the tumble that brings disaster. While hanging clothes on the line, Mrs. S. Titmess, 7, Candow Street, Attercliffe, Sheffield, fell from a kitchen chair. While taking clothes off the line, Mrs. M. Haywood, 172, Model Village, Creswell, nr. Mansfield, fell from a pair of steps. Both these accidents resulted in a fractured arm.

In these and many other cases JOHN BULL has despatched the cheques that alleviate misfortune, and has included the 10 per cent. Bonus which is added to all Benefits paid when a reader has been registered for three months or more.

On wash day or any other day, misfortunes such as these may come.

JOHN BULL pays up to £200 for Home Accidents.

Can you and your family look to JOHN BULL'S instant practical help when Accident or Sickness, Storm or Flood, Fire or Burglary, overtake your home? If not, get your pen now and make the simple strokes that mean safety and peace of mind.

Register now, on the forms below.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION

Registered readers of JOHN BULL continue to be covered by the greatest of all Free Family Insurance, while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, for a period of fourteen days. The only condition is that, in the event of a claim arising, they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to restart delivery immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 2/9/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

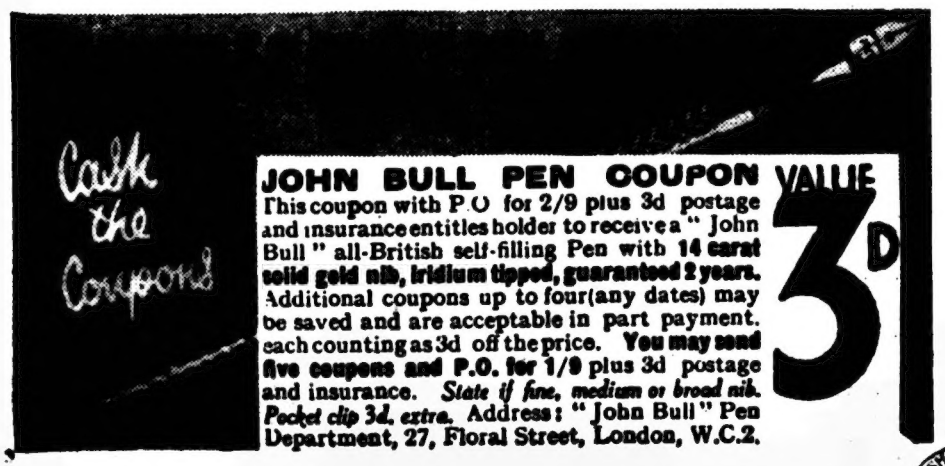
Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use 1½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 2/9/33



JOHN BULL PEN COUPON VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

His "Bullets" Shop —and his "Bullets" Car

What FOUR WORDS Did for Him

"MY whole life has been transformed!"

In those few words a young man sums up the magic effect of his *Bullets* success just twelve months ago.

Then he was, as he put it, "struggling to make both ends meet." Now he is no longer a painter and paperhanger, but the proprietor of the fine little general store you see above.

You can see his name above the shop—it is Mr. William G. Barnes. And he has left his old home at 6, Victory Crescent, Millbrook, Southampton, to make a way for himself in this business at 15, Ringwood Road, Totton, Hants.

It is the dream of many a young man of twenty to open a shop on his own account. But dreaming did not enable Mr. Barnes to take this bold step towards independence.

Instead, he spent most of his spare time on *Bullets*. And one day, after struggling for hours with a neat idea he had hit upon, he produced the ingenious effort, IN LOVERS' LANE—"PITFALLS" MOONLIGHT NIGHTS *Conceal.*

The result of his persistence was the arrival one memorable Friday of a telegram announcing him the First Prize-winner in our 860th Contest. He had secured £1,250 cash, the luxurious motor-car you see above and a £20 Holiday Cheque yearly as long as he lives.

"How glad and proud I am that I stuck to *Bullets*," are his words in a recent letter to JOHN BULL, in which he mentions that his success is constantly bringing him into touch with other "Bulleteers" in the district.

"Only the other day," he says, "I had a long talk with a window-cleaner who had turned out to be a fellow competitor. Nothing would please me more than to meet any other 'Bulleteer' who could find time to drop in."

To would-be winners, Mr. Barnes gives advice based on his own experience. "Study the winners," he urges, "learn from your own mistakes and never give up. That is the combination that opens the door to success."

The threefold prize which unlocked for Mr. Barnes the door to a new world of happiness and independence is completely eclipsed by the Giant 4-in-1 First which is now awaiting a good *Bullet*.

A Life Pension of £2 a week, a Fortune of £1,000, a magnificent 50-Guinea Radio Gramophone and a £50 Birthday Cheque Yearly for life—that is the enormous four-fold reward which may well be yours for adding a few well-chosen words to one of the *Examples* on the opposite page!

WINNERS OF PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,850

FIRST PRIZE. £1,500 CASH AND MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END
COMPETITION No. 904.
Mrs. L. M. STONE, 32, Anglesea Road, Shirley, Southampton.
Example:—To SETTLE THE DEBT
Bullet:—To PARENTS, BE "CREDIT."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£100 AND WEEK-END

Mr. E. S. S. PORTER, Keymer Avenue North, Peacehaven.
Example: The Money Problem
Bullet: To-morrow *Won't* Be Friday!

£50 AND WEEK-END

Mrs. M. CLEMENTS, 73, Kilmartin Avenue, Norbury, S.W.
Example: Something Snapped And
Bullet: Miner's *Spirit* Escaped "Cage."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£25 AND WEEK-END

Mrs. M. DEACON, 58, Long Row, Page Bank, Spennymoor, Co. Durham.
Example: Room For More
Bullet: Common-sense, On Overcrowded Highways.

£20 AND WEEK-END

Mr. B. WHITEFORD, Gruinart, Islay.
Example: What Might Have Been
Bullet: "Trifle," Pessimism Made "Gruel."

10 OF £6 EACH

Mrs. E. M. CHAPPEL, 7, Norman Crescent, Eccleshill, Bradford.
Changed To Gold—By Philosophers, Life's "Stones."

W. G. DICKSON, 12, Graham Road, New Malden.
Best Remedy — "Hire" Us — We'll "Purchase."

N. H. GIBBONS, 39, Linchmere Road, Birmingham.
Beaten—By Fate? Bah! Fight!

G. HILL, 55, Manor Road, Brockley, S.E.
Comes And Goes—Gandhi's Appetite For Starvation.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. MITCHELL, Rydal House, Hatfield, Doncaster.
Best Remedy—Mother's—But Use Wife's!

C. NICHOLLS, 4, Calverhall, Whitchurch, Salop.
While The Sun Shines—Desk's "Stake"—I'm "Martyr."

J. O'KEEFE, Kneller Hall, Twickenham.
Caught In The Storm—Words Ship's Parrot Cherishes.

Mrs. M. REES, Glyn Cothi, Cothi Bridge, Carmarthen.
Turn For The Better—Government's "Long Sleep" *Preventing.*

T. RUTT, 50, Aden Grove, Stoke Newington, N.
Never Rests — Hence His "Perpetual *Promotion.*"

B. SHAW, 33, Ramsbottom Road, Horwich, S.O., Lancs.
Something Snapped And—Dad's "Expander" Flattened Him!

10 OF £3 EACH

R. AULD, 62, Brabourne Street, South Shields.
Best Remedy—For "Bleeding," Warder's Key.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

T. R. BROWN, 57, Hercus Loan, Musselburgh.
Willing Hands—But They've Picked Oakum!

H. DAY, 9, Graces Road, Camberwell, S.E.
Solly's Holiday—Deck-chair—Behind Counter!

R. MacNEILL, Haselbank, By Lanark.
The Money Problem—Won't Curtail *Government's* Holiday.

Mrs. S. M. MASKELL, 26, The Common, Woolwich, S.E.
Willing Hands—"Broken" By Charity's Bread."

L. F. SMITH, 39, Rendlesham Road, Clapton, E.
Panic On The Beach—Wave "Enters" Beauty Contest.

H. SWAIN, 3, Lime Avenue, Loughborough.
For Safety—She "Kept Below Thirty."

N. SYKES, 10, Gambrel Grove, Ashton-under-Lyne.
Solly's Holiday—Off—Offer In Offing.

Miss YARDY, Rutland Villas, Parcet, Peterborough.
Beaten — By "Doormats," Eventually—Dictators.

J. T. YOUNG, 59, Sandy Lane, Coventry.
What Might Have Been—"Floats" Past "Swimming" Eyes.

A list of 75 12s. 6d. and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

STAGGERING 4 1 PRIZE
50
£2
A WEEK FOR LIFE
plus £1,000
plus £50
BIRTHDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE
plus
MARCONIPHONE
£52·10s.
RADIO GRAMOPHONE
FREE...
'BULLETS' ENTRY WEEKLY FOR LIFE
EACH WINNER OF £5, £2 10s. OR £1 IN THIS CONTEST WILL BECOME ELIGIBLE TO ENTER ONE FREE 'BULLETS' COUPON WEEKLY AS LONG AS HE LIVES!
2nd PRIZE £100 · £50 3rd PRIZE
10 PRIZES £5 · 20 PRIZES £2 10
30 PRIZES £2 · 200 PRIZES £1
2000 £1 CASH PRIZES
10000 "ANGLO" PRIZES
IF FIRST PRIZE-WINNER PREFERS SINGLE AWARD, A LUMP SUM OF 2000 GUINEAS WILL BE PAID ★
which completes the 4-in-one First Prize is a magnificent 7-valve Super-heterodyne all-electric instrument in walnut case and fitted with mechanism for changing its own records.

Giant Offer Opens "Bullets" Autumn Campaign!

A NOTABLE week in the competition year has arrived—the opening week of JOHN BULL'S huge Autumn Campaign! Here before you is a Giant September Offer without parallel.

The huge reward for the best *Bullet* entered combines a Life Pension of £2 a week, a Fortune of £1,000, a £50 Birthday Cheque yearly for life and a magnificent £52 10s. "Marconiphone" Radio Gramophone—a millionaire's all-electric instrument which changes its own records and is by far the finest ever seen in the prize-list.

But this is not the only sensational attraction. As many as 50 competitors are to win not only a substantial cash prize, but also the unique and valuable privilege of making a free *Bullets* entry *every week for life!*

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, your first step is to read carefully through the *Examples* provided, jotting down any ideas which occur to you as rough comments, for any of them may well be developed into a winning effort.

Now condense and polish the wording of each rough idea into TWO, THREE or FOUR words, which you link up neatly with the *Example*.

For instance, working on the *Example*, THIRSTY WORLD, you might well note down the rough comment *Not Refreshed With Roosevelt's Potion*. This, with a few minutes' pruning and polishing, you could readily improve into the finished *Bullet*, THIRSTY WORLD—ROOSEVELT ONLY OFFERS "GRUEL."

Before you start on your own efforts, however, study the good points of the winning *Bullets* printed on the opposite page this week.

Having absorbed these winners you are ready to begin on your own efforts, which must reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, September 16.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

THIRSTY WORLD
THE BRITISH
GAGGED AND BOUND
CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY
TOP DOG
IN A HUNDRED YEARS
IF THEY KNEW
DANCING WITH RAGE
ROT
BREAD OF IDLENESS
WORRYING
NICE YOUNG MAN
GETTING RICH QUICKLY
THE TYRANT
FANCIES HIMSELF
IN THE CRADLE
FOUL PLAY
STICKY END
RASH
TO SOOTHE HER
WIFIE WANTS
MAN WITH A WHISTLE
WHEN HUBBY'S CROSS
WARNING TO WOMEN
HAPPY PAIR
FROM TOP TO BOTTOM
SUDDENLY
AFTER DARK
STEADILY MOUNTING
AWKWARD SQUAD
LIKE A STATUE
FALSE MOVE
WHEN SHE LOOKED IN
MADE HIM JUMP
DAYS—WEEKS—MONTHS—
CLEAR CONSCIENCE
TO THE GOOD
RUINS
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
TRICK OF THE TRADE

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Couplets Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 908 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

MAKE YOUR ENTRY ON THESE BIG COUPONS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(908) Closing SAT., Sept. 16 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(908) Closing SAT., Sept. 16 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(908) Closing SAT., Sept. 16 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(908) Closing SAT., Sept. 16 — P.O. No. _____ — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 908, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

AT THE BAZAAR.
Purchaser: "Is Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap so wonderful for the complexion? I have heard such a lot of people speak about it!"
Lady Jane: "Do you consider that I have a good complexion?"
Purchaser: "I think you have the most beautiful complexion I have ever seen."
Lady Jane: "Well, I will tell, and it is not a secret. I always use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap and have done so for years, and I take a great pleasure in being able to tell all my customers what a wonderful Soap Zee-Kol Almond Oil is. It keeps the skin so beautiful and firm and the skin feels exactly like satin, and it has a most exclusive perfume, as you can tell."
Purchaser: "Then I will take a dozen tablets. How much are they?"
Lady Jane: "They are only 6d. a tablet. They were 1/-, and they are worth at least 2/6 per tablet as it is mostly made of Almond Oil."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD
(Dept. S.14),
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils. All the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

Eleanor: Whoever is that handsome young man who has just come into the room? I've never seen him before. He has all the room looking at him. How bronzed and healthy he looks.
Her Friend: Oh, that's Jack Mordaunt. He is just home from the East. He's been excavating, and you call him a young man; why, he is older than I am, and I am 48. While he was in the East he put on the dinner jacket every night. He let the Arabs know that he was civilised, and he swears by Shavex Cream. He declares it is that which keeps his face young and keeps his skin in such splendid condition. Many a time he has shaved without water. You have often to do these things in the East, as water is so scarce.
Eleanor: How interesting. I want to be the first girl to be introduced.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.
Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. B11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm, and youthful.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

Per Pot - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube - 3d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

Josephine was a beautiful creole. She married Count Beauharnais who was guillotined during the French Revolution, and Josephine only escaped by a miracle. Amongst the names of those to be guillotined which came through to the Tribune was one, Josephine, but a sympathiser who was in control of some of those names, chewed up the signature of Josephine, and thus saved her life. She married Napoleon Bonaparte while he was still poor, realising that he would be able to do great things later. One thing she was noted for, and that was always making up face creams, and she certainly made wonderful compounds in this direction. The one cream she used was an exact facsimile of Doge Cream of to-day. She was not young when she married Napoleon, but her complexion gave her wonderful youth. Her vanity was great—She had great charm—Her admirers were many—Her lovers were never proved. She lived and died with only one thought of Napoleon.

ALMOND OIL IS USED IN DOGE CREAM

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!
For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream
cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. D66), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

SCALP IRRITATION.
Zee-Kol thinned with any oil and rubbed well into the scalp removes Dandruff and Irritation.

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure; there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for stiff joints, rubbed in gently by the hand, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

67 B.20 Shivers

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